HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XVI.—No. 814.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1872. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1872, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

GRANT AND EDUCATION.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

ONE excellent result of the peaceful administration of General GRANT has been the founding of a system of popular education at the South. Of all nations nominally civilized the Southern States, under the rule of the slave-holders, were the most ignorant. Even Italy and Spain were progressive and enlightened compared to that utterly barbarous population that, spreading from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, formed the ruling section of the American Union. Not over one-third of the people of the South could read and write, and perhaps even a less proportion. Four millions of the colored race were forbidden by law to learn any thing—a law the most odious and unnatural known to the history of man. Of the whites the larger part were left in startling ignorance. It was admitted that they were often more degraded than the blacks. No teacher reached them; no school-house cheered the pines of Georgia or the swamps of the Mississippi. The only education the poorer classes of the South received was gleaned from their coarse and barbarous politicians, who spoke to them at public meetings, who used the people as the instruments of their own misdeeds, and scoffed at their ignorance if not their simplicity; from the gross examples of corrupt slave-holders, and the degrading vices of a terrible oligarchy. Except in papal Rome, under its Jesuit rulers, there was no population within the limits of civilization that was so rigorously shut out from the light of modern progress as that which was inclosed within the domain of JEFFERSON DAVIS.

By a series of vigorous blows GRANT and the Union armies broke down this dreadful barrier, and let in the sunlight of knowledge. Every barbarous law, every unnatural restriction upon the human intellect, faded away; and it is touching to notice with what eager and enthusiastic joy the colored race at least hailed the approach of the teacher. When in 1865 the United States troops took possession of Wilmington, North Carolina, it was announced at once that the teachers of the Freedmen's Bureau would meet the children at nine o'clock in the morning at the church vestry. By seven o'clock the church-yard and even the street were filled with the throng of parents bringing their children to be enrolled as scholars. One thousand pupils were soon provided; no age, sex, or color was excluded; and it was not long before a considerable proportion of the colored people of North Carolina were, for the first time, enabled to read the Bible. More than three centuries had passed since LUTHER had planted free schools in Germany, that its people might study the Scriptures. His example had at last conquered the barbarism of the South as well as that of papal Rome. In South Carolina the restrictions upon knowledge had begun even earlier than in its sister States. It was the fiercest of the enemies of the teacher. In 1740 it prohibited every person from teaching its slaves to read and write under heavy penalties; in 1800 it decreed twenty lashes to every slave or free negro who sought "mental instruction" from sunset to sunrise; but in 1834 it completed its guilty pre-eminence by imposing fines and heavy whippings upon the teachers and the taught, free or slave. This barbarous law was repealed alone by the Union armies. The teacher followed the soldier; schools sprang up at the first landing of the troops; and already a large part of the colored people of South Carolina are rising rapidly to an equality in general information with their former masters, if not to a plain superiority. Virginia, until 1860, had punished every attempt to educate the slave. In September, 1861, securely nestled beneath the guns of Fortress Monroe, not far from the spot where the first cargo of African slaves had been landed on our soil, sprang up a little school of freedmen, the first gleam of the new civilization that was to break over the South.

While the colored race thus eagerly seized upon the first opportunities for self-improvement, and even amidst the din and alarms of actual war learned spelling and writing, the white population of the rebellious States seem to have discovered, on the return of peace, that education was at least of some value, that it would be necessary for them to do something for the advance of knowledge. The crash of the Union guns had awakened notions of progress even in the swamps of Mississippi. The influence of Northern intelligence has made itself felt in distant Texas; and the colored legislators who, after Richmond fell, began to take part in the rule of the Southern States were nearly all advocates of public instruction. Bitterly as the slave-holders had always hated the teacher, successfully as they had labored to keep their poorer classes in extreme ignorance, the arms of GRANT and the influence of the new voters drove them into the path of progress. Nearly every Southern State at the close of the war, and upon the election of President GRANT, began to provide schools for the education of its white children. The change was startling; the conversion was universal. Even Tennessee and Kentucky provided common-school systems, or Georgia imposed a poll-tax to educate its frightful mass of ignorance. South Carolina was forced to open common schools. Even Texas passed a free-school law. No sooner, indeed, was the peace of the country assured by the election of President GRANT than over all those districts through which his armies had passed victoriously, and whence it had once been excluded by barbarous laws, the general education of the people became for the first time a leading object of policy, and the school-house sprang up in the track of the advancing troops.

GRANT AND EDUCATION AT THE SOUTH—LEARNING TO READ.

Yet we are assured by the various superintendents of education in the Southern States that nothing but the vigorous support of the general government can preserve their new systems of public instruction from utter ruin. The opposition party every where retains its bitter hostility to knowledge and the teacher. In several States where it has gained the control of affairs it has at once checked the progress of the common schools. The system has been abandoned or the school funds withheld. It was the favorite aim of the marauders of Mississippi to burn school-houses and whip teachers. That secret association which has recently been vigorously repressed in the Carolinas, by the aid of the United States officials and the national troops, was never weary of its incessant outrages upon innocent school-masters. In Mississippi Northern women, accomplished, devoted, and taken from the best classes of society, are still treated with singular indignities because they consent to teach in the colored schools. No Southern woman will receive them in her house; they can find no lodging except among the blacks; they are shut out from all the kindly offices of neighborhood and society; their Southern sisters turn away from them, when they meet, with marks of contempt and aversion; and so painful are the conditions upon which they pursue their useful labors that only a deep and generous sense of duty retains them in their difficult position.

Of Texas we are told that, for the first time in its history, public free schools in the fall of 1871 were opened to its people. Protected alone by the Union armies, the teacher has made his way into that vast, populous, and productive State. The common schools are looked upon as yet with doubt, hostility, and even terror, as the portents of a new era: they are slowly rising in vigor and importance. The Freedmen's Bureau has even provided schools for the colored race, which the Legislature appears to have wholly overlooked, and the adventures of its teachers seem often to resemble those of missionaries among savages and bishops in New Zealand. Not long since the master of a colored school in Bastrop County was taken from his home at night, tied to a tree, and whipped nearly to death, and his school-house burned: many school-houses and many teachers have suffered a similar fate. A bitter hatred and even jealousy of the colored race prevail among the ruder Texans, which can only be restrained, we

are told by the superintendent, "by the strong arm of the government," which can only be removed by the slow growth of knowledge.

It is easy to conceive what must be the swift reaction in the Southern States should the opposition party elect its President: it is plain that the whole of that broad system of popular education which has been established under the peaceful rule of GRANT will be at once overthrown. The enemies of GRANT and the Union are necessarily the enemies of knowledge. Every rioter and assassin, every blind and brutal politician who in Texas drags out school-masters at night to whip them until they are nearly dead, who in South Carolina, masked and cowardly, tortures poor negroes and honest white men with torments not surpassed under the Inquisition, is raging for the removal of that vigorous hand that alone checks his course of crime. Should this desperate faction succeed, not a school-house would be left, at least for the colored children, from Charleston to San Antonio; no Northern woman would any longer dare to teach poor blacks in Mississippi; no Union man would venture to speak of common schools in Texas; a whole region would be thrown back into moral and mental darkness, and the rising prospects of Southern civilization be forever destroyed.

All the enemies of the common schools, indeed, seem to have formed an alliance to defeat General GRANT. The men who burn school-houses in Texas are cheered on by the men who assail the public schools in New York. The extreme papist joins the extreme secessionist—the one threatens the life of the teacher, as at Hunter's Point; the other whips him in the still midnights of the South. In this remarkable alliance the Romish priest, the Texas brigand, and the Mississippi rebel join in a common assault upon the teacher and the teacher's friend, would check the spread of that knowledge which they hate, and bring upon free America the ignorance and barbarism of Italy and Spain. Nor is it the common schools, the administration, or the Bible at which they really aim their united blows. Their true object is to destroy the Union. The wild marauder of Texas or South Carolina abhors the restraints of an intelligent government; the Jesuit aims his sharpest arrows against that free civilization which he is pledged to destroy; both are the vigorous supporters of a GREELEY or of any partisan who suits their purpose; both are resolved, by force and fraud, by gross calumnies and restless intrigues, by a union of the vicious and depraved, the ignorant and fanatical, to overthrow freedom in America.

Yet since General GRANT's election the great army of teachers have obtained their most wonderful triumphs. They have overrun the South, defied the bitter opposition of rebels and of priests, and are swiftly extending the vast fabric of a common-school system from the borders of Canada to the Californian Gulf. Under the administration of President GRANT our country stands far in the front of all civilized communities. It is the first of the nations to expend more money upon the education of its people than upon fleets and armies. Such a condition of affairs is altogether unprecedented in the annals of man, and may well seem the dawn of a happy age of rational reform. Since the close of the war the zeal of our people for the instruction of all classes has risen to a wonderful height. Money, labor, intellect, are all poured out in the great cause with unexampled liberality. The amount expended each year by the various States for educational purposes is nearly $60,000,000. New York leads in the path of intelligence, having given during the past year $10,000,000 to its public schools, besides the interest on its school property and the sums expended for private tuition. In 1850 the outlay for its public schools was only $2,000,000. New England pays annually for education at least $10,000,000; Pennsylvania, $8,000,000; Ohio and Illinois, about $7,000,000 each. The national government has given 60,000,000 acres of land to the States and Territories, at different periods, for school purposes. The amount required for the army and navy for the present year is about $48,000,000—a sum inferior to that which will be expended upon the growing army of teachers; and with the re-election of General GRANT, and four years more of progress and repose, the power of knowledge will bind together the various sections of the country in a lasting union, will expel brigandage from Texas or South Carolina, and shield our foreign population from the intrigues of corrupt politicians and envious priests.

WAITING TO BATHE.

THE upper sketch on page 604, representing a crowd of poor women waiting on a sultry day for admittance to one of the free bathing-houses established by the city last year, was drawn by Mr. SOL EYTINGE from an actual scene. These free bathing-houses are entirely inadequate to the necessities of the poor of the city during such a summer as this. Their number should be increased tenfold, in order that every man, woman, and child in the city could enjoy the healthful refreshment of a daily bath. Such facilities would undoubtedly decrease the average death-rate of the "heated term," and contribute greatly to the comfort of the thousands of poor people who can not leave the city, and to whom a sail even to the nearest bathing beach involves an expense beyond their means. With the present limited facilities alternate days have to be assigned to men and women at these establishments; and sometimes the crowd is so great, especially on the days assigned to women, that many of the poor creatures stand for hours in the heat awaiting their turn. We trust that before another hot season arrives the city will be so well supplied with free bathing-houses that no one who desires to take advantage of this means of cleanliness and health shall be debarred by lack of opportunity.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1872.

Charles Reade.
Wilkie Collins.

In the August Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE *is commenced a* NEW NOVEL *by* CHARLES READE, *entitled* "A SIMPLETON: A STORY OF THE DAY."

A new novel by WILKIE COLLINS *will be commenced in the October Number of the* MAGAZINE.

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THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE.

THE two cardinal facts which are evident in all the confusion are that there are two candidates for the Presidency, and two only. One of them has been regularly nominated by the Republican party and the other by the Democratic. Mr. GREELEY, indeed, says that he is "no less thoroughly and earnestly a Republican" than he has always been, and that the Democratic party in nominating him is more democratic than ever. This means—if it means any thing—that the Democratic party, as he has always said, has been until now a "sham democracy;" and as Republicanism is the true democracy, the nomination of a Republican shows that the Democratic party has become Republican. This is excessively absurd, but it is necessary to be said; for if the Democratic party has not become Republican, the President whom it elects certainly can not give the country a "thoroughly and earnestly" Republican Administration. If the Democratic party has not become Republican, the Republican Mr. GREELEY, as its President, must be virtually a Democrat or a cipher.

We do not insult the intelligence of any honest Republican or Democrat by assuming for a moment that he believes the Democratic party to have changed its principles or its purposes because it has adopted the Cincinnati platform and candidates. It has merely changed its tactics. Its leaders know as well as we that the campaign of Mr. GREELEY will be really conducted by the Democratic machinery, and his poll will depend upon the number of Democrats who will vote for him as the regular party candidate. To the present coalition the Republican recruits bring no organization and no treasury for the necessary expense of the election; they bring as their share some speakers, a willingness to work upon the part of those who look for reward in the event of success, and a pseudo-enthusiasm which has thus far the aspect of mere "brag." Should Mr. GREELEY be elected, his success will be due almost wholly to the Democratic nomination, organization, and support. To suppose that such a result would be other than a Democratic restoration is foolish.

We have heretofore shown that the Democrats support him only because he is the regular candidate of their party. Governor VANCE, of North Carolina, said before the nomination, "If the Baltimore Convention puts him in our hymn-book we'll sing him through if it kills us." Senator BAYARD, of Delaware, says that he "steadily and openly" opposed the nomination, but to defeat the Republican party he will support him. Senator THURMAN, of Ohio, says that he preferred somebody else, but he will work for GREELEY and BROWN, "as it is the will of the party." The leaders do not support Mr. GREELEY as a Republican. They do not renounce—as indeed they could not—the principles and traditions of their party; but they will vote for him, as they voted for HORATIO SEYMOUR and General M'CLELLAN, and as they would have voted for WADE HAMPTON or FERNANDO WOOD, had either of them been regularly nominated. If, therefore, "Liberal Republicans" would have supported either Mr. HAMPTON or Mr. WOOD for the sake of conciliation or of reform, they will consistently, under the circumstances, vote for Mr. GREELEY, but not otherwise.

EXECUTIVE QUALITIES.

THOSE who conduct the argument of the campaign as if the whole question were a personal choice between the candidates very much mistake the situation. Moreover, the excessive personality against General GRANT of many of the friends of Mr. GREELEY comes with peculiar ill grace from those who profess to deprecate the "personal government" of which they accuse the President. But if, indeed, the question were to be decided upon the personal qualifications of the two candidates for the chief executive office, General GRANT certainly need not shrink from the test.

For what are the qualities required in the chief executive officer? They are firmness, rectitude, sound judgment, self-command, candor, energy, quickness, natural leadership, steadiness of mind and purpose, reticence, moral and physical courage. Now it is plain that when we think of General GRANT we think of these qualities, because they have all been shown in his career. Does any body think of them in connection with Mr. GREELEY? Do they appear in the general tone of the campaign praises of him? He is called honest; a sage, a philosopher; benevolent, philanthropic. Does any advocate describe him as firm, discreet, self-restrained? One of the chief of them, Mr. SAMUEL BOWLES, calls him a man of perverse temper and peculiar openness to flattery, who will probably give his faith and attribute his success to those who fawn upon him, and slander and abuse those who tell him the truth. Is this a description of the qualities and character which are not only desirable but indispensable in a chief executive officer?

If we are to discuss the question upon a comparison of the personal qualities of the candidates, we have but to suppose Mr. GREELEY as the executive head of the government during the war. President BUCHANAN said that the seceding States had no right to go, but that we had no right to prevent them. Mr. GREELEY said that the States had a right to go if a majority in them wished. When the rebel army reached Pennsylvania he wanted to fight one battle, and surrender every thing if we were beaten. He vexed the soul of Mr. LINCOLN with his proposals of buying a peace, and by the Niagara performance. Nobody doubted Mr. GREELEY's honesty and his sincere hope that "all would come right." But what a commander-in-chief of the army and navy of a great nation struggling with a powerful foe for its life! What single executive quality—what judgment, discretion, invincible firmness, reticence, self-restraint, moral steadiness—what single quality essential to an executive in a great emergency did Mr. GREELEY display?

We all hope, indeed, that no President may again be tried by such a crisis. But the qualities we have mentioned are not indispensable to a chief executive in time of war only. They are as essential in civil and peaceful administration. Judgment, firmness, reticence, self-restraint, independence—the President needs them every day. But while with other candidates there might be doubt of the existence of such qualities, in the case of Mr. GREELEY we know already that they do not exist. As for honesty and good intentions, Mr. GREELEY is certainly no more honest nor more patriotic than General GRANT. Indeed, many who oppose the President's re-election do not object to him personally, but to what they consider the unworthy influences that control his Administration. But if General GRANT be unworthily influenced, Mr. GREELEY's friend and supporter, Mr. BOWLES, tells us what influences may be expected to control the sage. Upon the whole, the attempt to conduct the campaign upon the ground of comparison of the executive qualities of the two candidates will not be disastrous to the President.

THE DEMOCRATIC VOTE.

As the sole chance of Mr. GREELEY's election lies in his polling the entire Democratic vote, what is the probability that it will be cast for him? A lukewarm canvass is not enough. A negative campaign, or an attack upon the opposition without positive enthusiasm for its own candidate, will never bring a party into power. The Republican party in 1856 crystallized about its first candidate, FREMONT, who was personally unknown, but was accepted as the ideal representative of the party, the type of a new America. What would have been our condition had we endeavored to defeat BUCHANAN with an ancient Democratic politician? The only conceivable element of enthusiasm for the Democrats in the present campaign is the hope of success in certain Congressional districts through the coalition with disaffected Republicans. But this is not a good augury for the electoral ticket. Trading in the districts works both ways.

We see as yet no reason to change the opinion that Mr. GREELEY will lose more Democratic votes than can be replaced by his Republican supporters. Of course we concede the peculiar uncertainty of the situation. But every man must judge by his own neighborhood and experience. Mr. GREELEY's personal organ assures us of immense Republican secessions to Mr. GREELEY in distant counties and other States. But nobody finds among his Republican neighbors many who are inclined to vote the regular Democratic ticket. There are, indeed, exceptions. But the tone of Mr. GREELEY's personal organ, and of all the other "Liberal Republican" papers, is one of entire obsequiousness to the masculine party of the coalition, the Democrats, plainly showing where the force is felt to lie. Indeed, the personal organ alone in doing this supplies the humor of the campaign. It is now daily devoted to eating its own words, and to reviling what it has most warmly praised. Fancy the New York *Tribune*—the *Tribune* that the country knew—anxiously commending HORACE GREELEY to the support of Democrats by insisting that he was not so much a friend to the colored race as some Democrat had charged!

If the "Liberal Republican" secession to the coalition is not large, the question remains whether party discipline can extort the full Democratic vote for Mr. GREELEY. It is true that conspicuous Democratic opponents of that gentleman have decided to support him. But they *are* conspicuous. They are chiefs. Senators BAYARD and THURMAN are strict party men. They bow to the regular nomination, because to bolt would be to imperil their own positions. But there are hundreds and thousands of Democrats every where in the country who are not leaders, who honestly hold the faith and traditions of their party, who despise what they think a dangerous trick for success, and who will not vote. Such Democrats are represented by the Chicago *Times*, the chief paper of the party at the West, and by the Greenport *Watchman* in New York.

The loud noise of those who must seize the readiest means of making an impression does not by any means imply a corresponding host of voters. We do not, indeed, disparage the actual force of the Democratic party, nor affect to suppose that the Republicans must not work hard for victory. We only remind those who hear a great shouting, who think that the whole Democratic party and half the Republican propose to vote for Mr. GREELEY, and to "sweep the country," and "overflow," and "overwhelm," and "deluge," and "inundate," and "come driving in," and to illustrate divers other lively figures of speech—we only remind such persons that they are profoundly mistaken. The GREELEY movement adopted by the Baltimore Convention is an attempted Democratic reaction. It is the JOHNSON Philadelphia effort of 1866 upon a larger scale. But its failure will be as positive. As the Democratic candidate said last year, speaking of a Democratic success in 1872, "Whatever chastisement may be deserved by our national sins, we must hope that this disgrace and humiliation may be spared us."

MR. SUMNER.

As we stated when Mr. SUMNER made his last attack upon the President, the picture is so distorted as to be essentially untrue. If the President of the United States were the thing that Mr. SUMNER describes, there would be but one voice in the country, and that for his instant and disgraceful expulsion from office. But having such an opinion of him, and having stated it in his place in the Senate, there remains but one course for Mr. SUMNER to pursue. The alternatives offered to him, as to all of us, are the re-election of General GRANT or the election of Mr. GREELEY. But as to support for the Presidency such a monster of ignorance, incapacity, and corruption as Mr. SUMNER describes the President to be would be the worst of political crimes, so not to oppose his election by every honorable means would be only less a crime. Mr. SUMNER must, therefore, it would seem, engage actively in the canvass for Mr. GREELEY.

It is a cruel necessity. For to do this he must join hands with VANCE, WADE HAMPTON, and every one of his associates in the Senate of the United States who have ridiculed and opposed what he thinks to be the crowning work of his life—his Supplementary Civil Rights bill. To do this he must deliberately declare that he believes the rights of the colored race to be more secure in the hands which struck him down in the Senate for pleading their cause, and with the party which, until the very close of the late session, resisted his own efforts for equality, than with the party to which that race owes its freedom, and which has protected it and is protecting it now. Mr. SUMNER knows that the Republican party has made no pledge to the colored race which the President has not honorably redeemed.

He knows that the colored Convention in New Orleans recognized and acknowledged this truth. He knows that FREDERICK DOUGLASS, the most representative leader of his people, eloquently declared the Republican party to be the deck and all else the sea, and that DOUGLASS warmly and efficiently favors the re-election of the President.

Mr. SUMNER knows that at the Philadelphia Convention the most earnest and eloquent speeches were made by the colored delegates, and that they declared with the deepest feeling that their only hope lay in the re-election of General GRANT. Mr. SUMNER knows also that when Mr. VOORHEES, a bitter Copperhead of the war, accused Mr. GREELEY of favoring Mr. SUMNER's bill for equality in the public schools, Mr. GREELEY's own paper hastened to quote from his Poughkeepsie speech to show that Mr. VOORHEES had misrepresented him. And Mr. SUMNER knows that if the cause to which his life has been especially devoted required the defeat of the Democratic party when Mr. BRECKINRIDGE, General M'CLELLAN, and Mr. SEYMOUR were its candidates, its defeat is none the less required now because Mr. GREELEY is its candidate. Which does Mr. SUMNER think to be the more probable, that the Democratic party will be Republicanized by voting for Mr. GREELEY, or that Mr. GREELEY, as President, must make an Administration to suit those who elect him, or feebly and impotently protest?

It is a cruel position, in which no friend of Mr. SUMNER can see him without sorrow. To insist, as he did in his speech of the 31st of May, that the nomination of the President at Philadelphia would release every Republican from any obligation to support him, was to forget that no reasonable man will ever be bound in public action by any thing but what seems to him to be the public welfare; while virtually to assert that the re-election of General GRANT would be the greatest misfortune that could befall the country, was to expose himself to the torture of his present position—namely, a logical compulsion to advocate the restoration to power of the bitterest enemies of equal rights and of the colored race.

THE PENALTIES OF PUBLIC LIFE.

MR. PRINCE, of Flushing, chairman of the Committee upon the Judiciary in the last New York Legislature, to whose fidelity and industry the impeachment of the judges is largely due, has written to the *Times* a letter upon the general character of the late Legislature which is very well worth attention. One point in the letter seems to us especially to deserve consideration. It is that the general denunciation of a Legislature, in which, of course, every member falls under the ban, is most demoralizing and disheartening, and consequently a very grave injury to the public welfare. To consider politics disreputable, to suppose that a man can not go to the Legislature or fill any political office without being tainted, is to leave public affairs in the hands of scoundrels. The ordinary citizen may be willing to sacrifice time, comfort, profit, and health to the service of the public by passing a winter in the Legislature at Albany; but it is only the extraordinary citizen who will, in addition to all these, sacrifice his reputation also. And extraordinary citizens are few.

It is the theory of a certain candidate for the Presidency, who shall be nameless, that no citizen ought to decline a nomination to any office which his fellow-citizens wish him to fill. It is enough that such a doctrine is wholly impracticable, for every man has other and often more justly imperative duties than those he owes to the State, and he must judge for himself what his duty may be. But certainly it is the true policy of every free State to make public life so honorable that the public service will be the goal of the purest ambition of the best men. Mr. PRINCE says what ought to be very seriously considered: "In my opinion there is no way so sure to reduce our Legislature to a corrupt level as by perpetually denouncing them, good and bad indiscriminately, as corrupt. Let it be understood that the Assembly is a den of thieves, and soon none but thieves will wish to be reckoned among its members." We have known other honorable men in other Legislatures to express most warmly the same feeling.

The general and sweeping condemnation springs from the habit of our political discussion. Every thing is white or black. A President whom we do not support is a monster of craft and dullness at the same time. A candidate whom we oppose is a benevolent fool. So a Legislature elected as a "reform" Legislature, if it does not sweep away every cobweb, purify every corner of administration, pass only wise measures, repeal all bad laws, and rectify in three months the accumulated abuses of a generation, is a miserable sham and corrupt humbug. That there were, indeed, shamming enough and shameful corruption in the last Legislature is notorious. There were men in it, undoubtedly, who should be in State-prison; men to whom public life is a trade, and who are consequently the most dangerous enemies of society. All the more stringent, therefore, is the duty of discrimination; all the more necessary that the sheep should not be classed with the goats in one blind denunciation.

For the offices, large and small, that are to be filled at the next election in this and other States it is indispensable that honest, able, and experienced men should be presented. An election which offers a mere negative alternative of doubtful men is perilous, because its result does not represent a conviction, but a choice of evils. This is the mischief of our caucus and convention system. We often find ourselves obliged to vote for A, whom we do not think the proper man for the place, in order to defeat B, who is perilously unfit for it. But evidently A is not then the representative of the real conviction and purpose of the community. Yet how shall we hope to persuade fit and representative men to accept nominations if we cover public life with indiscriminate obloquy? Mr. PRINCE will have done a very important public service if he recalls us to the necessity of careful discrimination in our judgments of public officers.

MAGNANIMITY.

THE Louisville *Courier-Journal* says that as Mr. GREELEY "was a fearless adversary when we [the South] were up, and a sympathizing and magnanimous enemy when we were down, we shall have an honest, a brave, and a liberal President." If this be an implication that Mr. GREELEY has shown himself more magnanimous than the President, it is a misapprehension. Nobody will question that General GRANT was a great and successful soldier—that he was both honest and brave. But magnanimity is the chief crown of the victor; and no one who recalls the military career of General GRANT down to the very moment of the surrender of LEE, and his conduct then, will deny him magnanimity. After the war the report that he made to the President upon the condition of the Southern States, which Mr. SUMNER characterized as whitewashing, certainly showed no hostility, no want of honesty and bravery and liberality, no want of magnanimity.

Since he has been President it would not be possible to show that in a single instance he has been harsh, unjust, or wanting in magnanimity in his official conduct toward "the South." Great powers have necessarily been conferred upon him, but he has used them greatly. He is not a passionate, impulsive, vindictive man, and when the bitterness of this hour of controversy has passed, his opponents in the Southern States will see how much he has forborne to do for which authority was given him, and which a man who was not magnanimous would unquestionably have done. The Ku-Klux laws, as they are called, are always cited as the evidence of General GRANT's peculiar hostility to "the South;" and Mr. MALLORY, of Kentucky, in a little speech advocating Mr. GREELEY's election and GRANT's defeat, said, in New York, "All that we of the Democratic party can do is to secure, first, the establishment of civil over military power, and, in the second place, local self-government."

But if it be an offense in the President to have enforced the Ku-Klux laws in certain counties in the Southern States, the time, the place, the method of the enforcement were in no sense peculiarly harsh; and to have asked for the authority of those laws was not the proof of want of magnanimity, but evidence of a sense of justice toward innocent citizens of the United States oppressed and without remedy. Nor will it be forgotten that the President who was clothed with this authority earnestly urged upon Congress a general amnesty. "It may well be considered," he said, "whether it is not now time that the disabilities imposed by the Fourteenth Amendment should be removed. That amendment does not exclude the ballot, but only imposes the disability to hold offices upon certain classes. When the purity of the ballot is secure, majorities are sure to elect officers reflecting the views of the majority. I do not see the advantage or propriety of excluding men from office merely because they were before the rebellion of standing and character sufficient to be elected to positions requiring them to take oaths to support the Constitution, and admitting to eligibility those entertaining precisely the same views, but of less standing in their communities." Is this ungenerous? Are these the words of a narrow hostility? If a truly magnanimous policy were to be gravely urged in a state paper, could it be more simply and forcibly expressed?

But if this is to be disregarded, if the combined justice and generosity of this policy are to be contemned, and the wise and temperate enforcement of the Ku-Klux laws is to be held to show want of magnanimity, the *Courier-Journal* will not forget that Mr. GREELEY, the candidate whom it especially commends for magnanimity, said, a year ago, "I therefore on every proper occasion advocated and justified the Ku-Klux act. I hold it especially desirable for the South, and if it does not prove strong enough to effect its purpose, I hope it will be made stronger and stronger." And his paper, the *Tribune*, said, "The law applies only to Presidential and Congressional elections, though we heartily wish it could be made to apply to all others." It may show a want of magnanimity in the President temperately and wisely to enforce laws which Mr. GREELEY approves, and which he wishes were stronger. But how does this show Mr. GREELEY to be more magnanimous? And if General GRANT is a narrow and vindictive despot for enforcing such laws, how is Mr. GREELEY "honest, brave, and liberal" for approving them and wishing them stronger?

A SPECIMEN "LIE, YOU VILLAIN."

ONE of the chief cries against the Administration is "corruption." In every government, indeed, there is a certain amount of dishonesty; but the cry is that this particular Administration is peculiarly corrupt. Occasionally an illustration is ventured, but its success is disheartening. Thus the Democratic journals lately announced that a huge "corruption fund" had been sent from Washington—Mr. BOUTWELL, of course, the Secretary of the Treasury, engineering the corruption—to carry the election in North Carolina. The New York *Tribune* especially published the tale in conspicuous type to the effect that "it is stated," and "it is believed"—every thing except "it is known"—that this offense had been committed. It was unspeakable, but it was only characteristic of the Administration.

While it was this kind of charge, however, it was not very important. The "it is stated" of a party and personal organ in the height of a Presidential campaign is not very impressive. But a day or two afterward a letter from Mr. JAMES B. BECK, a Democratic Representative in Congress from Kentucky, was published, in which Mr. BECK made himself responsible for the assertion that "one S. T. CARROW," United States Marshal of North Carolina, had drawn sixty-five thousand dollars within the last sixty days; and Mr. BECK added, "Of course this will be used corruptly." As soon as this story—printed in the *Tribune* and repeated by "one" JAMES B. BECK—reached Mr. CARROW he telegraphed that it was "false in every particular;" that he had received no government funds "except what were necessary for the court, and to be used under the approval of the judge, and which were so used. I have received no funds from Washington for use in the North Carolina elections."

Here was a statement carefully elaborated, apparently sustained by responsible authority, widely published, undoubtedly believed by the credulous, and yet false in every particular. And it is because of stories as wholly fictitious as this that some honest people believe the Administration to be a fester of corruption, and think of trying the Democratic party by way of reform.

PERSONAL.

DR. HENRY, of this city, was recently called in to attend GRATZ BROWN in this city, when Mr. BROWN facetiously remarked, "It is seldom, doctor, that you are called to attend a Vice-President." "Oh no," replied the doctor; "I attended Vice-President (?) FRANK BLAIR in '68; but *your case is a good deal worse than his!*"

—RED CLOUD's visit to the East opened his eyes to a variety of things connected with the material power of the country, so much so that when he turned his way homeward he sent a screed to his people living in the neighborhood of the Yellow Stone that is really quite eloquent. Said he: "Listen to me, and do not go to war any more. You must carry on the war yourself. I am done. Make no more trouble for our Great Father" (the President). "His heart is good. Be friends to him and he will provide for you. Your old people and children will not starve. Take his hand and hold it fast."

—M. ROCHEFORT has been authorized, says the *Constitutionnel*, to collect all the material necessary for writing an anecdotical history of the second empire.

—DAVID PAUL BROWN, of Philadelphia, who died a few days since at seventy-eight, was one of the foremost lawyers of his time, and an author of merit. He wrote the best book on the bar of the United States that has been published, and contributed several plays to the stage that were successful.

—MR. A. B. STOCKWELL, president of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, who has during the last year come to the front as a Wall Street operator of several millionary power, is a young man of about thirty-five, who began life in Connecticut poor—they all begin poor in Connecticut. In 1866 his brother, then a paymaster in the navy, married one of the daughters of ELIAS HOWE, the sewing-machine man. A. B. went to his brother's wedding, captivated another of E. H.'s daughters, married her, and in due time, after E. H.'s decease, came into much property. They reorganized the sewing-machine company, already a large thing, and then he went into Wall Street, where he has "hemmed" in a good many operators, and is now looking around for other stocks and things to conquer.

—SAMUEL RANDALL MOTTS has just shuffled off this mortal coil at Syracuse, aged one hundred and fourteen years, eleven months, and two days. He was the oldest they had. His father lived to be one hundred and twenty-nine.

—Our friend, the local editor of the Paducah *Kentuckian*, lately attended a party, and, according to his own words, saw nothing toward the close of the evening but "a beautiful billowy ocean of foaming skirts, which, in their virgin and uncontaminated purity, rolled and puffed and surged in the gas-lit air."

—LARS TOLLEFSON, the Norwegian giant, died a few days ago in Chicago. He was probably the tallest man of the day, being seven feet nine inches in height, and weighed 375 pounds. He was thirty-eight years old, and had a constitutional aversion to making a show of himself before the curious public, and chose rather to serve out beer at a nominal price than pocket a handsome weekly stipend. The Chicago undertaker hadn't a hearse long enough for Mr. T.; so they took him away in another conveyance.

—Mr. HALIBURTON, son of "Sam Slick," is to address the Colonial Institute of Canada on the causes of the decline of the American carrying trade.

—Herr WACHTEL is as distinguished for benevolence as for musical talent. During his voyage home on the steamer *Holsatia*, one of the crew was knocked overboard and drowned. WACHTEL at once offered his services for the benefit of the family of the deceased sailor; and with the assistance of an American young lady, an amateur pianist, improvised a concert on board which realized over five hundred dollars.

—A colored lad named GIBBS, son of the Secretary of State of Florida, has entered the Military Academy at West Point as a cadet.

—General LINUS W. THAYER, of Warsaw, New York, who has been appointed Commissioner of Appeals in place of Judge LEONARD, is an able lawyer, an upright man, and stands high in the public esteem of Western New York.

—BIERSTADT and BRADFORD have been refused a place for their pictures at the Royal Academy exhibition in London. Their paintings were too big. Britain has not the room.

—GUIZOT, now in his eighty-fifth year, is preparing his correspondence with eminent contemporaries for publication. It will fill six large volumes. When GUIZOT was twelve years old he had mastered the learned languages, and before he was fifteen was perfectly familiar with German, English, and Italian. His literary career was commenced just sixty years ago as editor of a magazine called the *Publicist*, and he has been an indefatigable worker all his life.

—HIRAM POWERS says the Fire Department of Florence, Italy, consists of ten men, three being equipped with pipes, four with buckets, and three with small brass fire-extinguishers.

—Mr. BENSON J. LOSSING, whose name is a household word throughout the land, has just received from the University of Michigan the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, having previously been the recipient of collegiate distinction from Hamilton College, in 1855, and from Columbia College, in 1869. No American historian, probably, has personally visited so many of the scenes connected with the war of the Revolution and the war of 1812 as Mr. LOSSING. Certainly none has given the incidents that have become historical so exhaustive an investigation as he has, and none but he has given them additional interest by graphic illustration. The University of Michigan has honored itself by thus gracefully recognizing the services of Mr. LOSSING.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE trial of Edward S. Stokes for the murder of James Fisk, Jun., was concluded before Justice Ingraham, in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, July 15. The jury after deliberating nearly two days were unable to agree on a verdict, and were therefore discharged. The prisoner was again locked up in the Tombs to await a second trial.

The apparent total debt of the city and county of New York, as given in a recent message by Mayor Hall, is in round numbers $127,000,000, and the total value of the public real estate $243,985,499.

A large number of Alsacians of this city went in a body to the office of the French consul recently and enrolled themselves as citizens of France.

During a recent severe storm in the vicinity of Honesdale, Pennsylvania, the Lackawaxen River was so swollen as to carry away a considerable portion of the Hawley branch of the Erie Railway, impeding travel for several days.

The Erie Railroad Company has changed its law counselors, and resolved to investigate the Gould contracts.

The rains have seriously damaged the crops in Alabama recently.

A collision occurred, July 19, on the Auburn branch of the New York Central Railroad between a passenger and a freight train, by which three persons were killed and many injured, several of the latter fatally.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Geneva Tribunal on the *Alabama* claims reassembled July 15. A summary of the American argument and statement in the case of the *Florida* was presented July 18. The British agent presented a demurrer asking the tribunal to exclude the cases of the *Tallahassee*, *Chickamauga*, *Sumter*, *Nashville*, *Retribution*, *Boston*, *Sallie*, *Jeff Davis*, *V. H. Joy*, and *Music*. On July 19 the conference was adjourned until the 22d.

A great deal of valuable property and several lives were destroyed by the recent storms and floods in England. Cheshire and Lancashire counties suffered the most.

The British government has demanded local legislation in Demerara for the coolies working on the plantations of British Guiana.

The rate of discount has been advanced ½ per cent. by the Bank of England, and is now 3½ per cent.

Valmaseda embarked for Spain at Havana July 16. An immense crowd of citizens assembled at the quay to bid him farewell.

An attempt was made July 19 to assassinate King Amadeus and his queen, while they were returning to the palace from a neighboring garden. A party of five men was engaged in the attempt, and one was shot and the others were captured by the royal attendants.

The South American mail brings news of a threatened outbreak in Peru, where the oppression of the government has lashed the inhabitants into intense indignation.

BALTIMORE 1861–1872.
"Let us Clasp Hands over the Bloody Chasm."

THE HON. THOMAS SETTLE.

We give on this page the portrait of the Hon. Thomas Settle, of North Carolina, permanent president of the National Republican Convention at Philadelphia, and candidate for Congress from the Fifth Congressional District of his State. He was born in Rockingham County, North Carolina. At an early age he entered the law school of Judge Pearson, the present Chief Justice of that State, whence he graduated with distinction, and shortly after his admission to the bar was made private secretary to Governor Reid. Soon after reaching his majority he was elected to the Lower House of the State Legislature, where he served with great ability from 1854 to the close of 1859, and was chosen Speaker the last two years of his service. He was a member of the Democratic party, and in 1856 was on the Buchanan electoral ticket. Four years later he bolted the secession Democratic party, and taking the stump for Douglas, canvassed the entire State, showing great ability as a popular orator.

On the close of the war he was among the earliest statesmen of North Carolina to join the Republican party. In 1865 he was elected to the State Senate, and served as president of that body during that and the succeeding year. In 1868 he was elected to the bench of the Supreme Court of North Carolina. The following year he received from the President an appointment on the Board of Visitors to West Point. In 1871 he resigned his position on the bench to accept the appointment of minister to Peru, which he resigned at the beginning of the following year on account of ill health, and returned to his home in North Carolina.

In May of this year he was unanimously nominated for Congress by the Republicans of the Fifth Congressional District of his native State, and on the 5th of June was chosen permanent president of the National Republican Convention assembled at Philadelphia. In this position he won the highest confidence and respect by the dignity and ability with which he presided. He is the youngest man who has ever presided over a National Convention, being but thirty-eight years of age. He is a gentleman of fine presence, great capacity, knowledge, and experience, an accomplished speaker, and skillful debater.

THE HON. THOMAS SETTLE, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

EXCURSIONS FOR POOR CHILDREN.

The publishers of the New York *Times* have undertaken a very praiseworthy and practical charity in fitting out a series of country excursions for the poor children of the lower wards of New York. In response to an editorial suggestion which appeared in that paper a few weeks since, that a fund should be raised to defray the expense of such excursions, a number of liberal-minded gentleman sent in subscriptions, on the condition that the undertaking should be managed by the *Times*. The task was willingly assumed; and under the management of Mr. George F. Williams, city editor of that paper, several excursions have already been made, in which more than two thousand poor little children have taken part, who without this charity might never have enjoyed a glimpse of the country. The scheme has taken a strong hold on the community, and subscriptions have flowed in to such an extent that Mr. Williams is confident of giving from 10,000 to 15,000 children the delight of an excursion before the close of summer.

The joy of these poor little waifs and estrays of the city on getting into the free, open country is said to be indescribable. A reporter who accompanied one of the excursions writes that while waiting on the wharf for the barge to arrive which was to convey them to their destination "the little girls stood quietly, showing their delight only in their faces, but the boys were irrepressible. They were boiling in their skins with rapture, and performed perpetual fandangoes of the most frenzied description. There was a great contrast between their appearance and the trim show made by the girls. Anxious mothers had toiled half the night to wash and iron the frocks, and had certainly spent a few quarters for ribbons and hats, so that their little girls might look as well as other little girls. But the boys were for the most part ragged little urchins, bare-headed, barefooted, with indescribable shirts and trowsers." When the word was passed to the children to enter the barge "there was no pushing nor crowding, though the impatient boys clambered like cats up the timbers, and would not wait the slower process by the gangway. In a very few minutes over 800 happy little ones were on board, nine-tenths ascending immediately to the upper tier. The band struck up a lively air, and the youngsters, in their glee, commenced capering about the deck in every direction, tumbling up against each other, falling down and picking themselves up again, as if a bruise were a matter of course, and not to be thought of on so joyous an occasion."

The entertainment furnished on these excursions is simple and substantial, consisting of sandwiches, cake, ice-cream, with abundance of lemonade. A doctor goes with them, but thus far his services have not been needed. The first two excursions were managed exclusively by gentlemen engaged on the *Times*; but the proprietors of that paper have found it necessary to engage the paid services of a few auxiliaries to the members of their regular staff, who are engaged in organizing the excursions and in seeing to the distribution of the sick fund—another excellent charity set on foot by the *Times*. All such services are paid for by the *Times*, and every dollar of the fund will be directly expended upon those for whom it was subscribed.

Some of the persons who have accompanied these excursions find themselves quickly recognized and gladly greeted by little wanderers in the street. While a reporter of the *Times* was walking the other day in the vicinity of Five Points a slightly built Italian girl, with bronzed cheeks, laughing eyes, neatly braided hair, a torn dress, and bare feet, came running up and seized his hand.

"Well, little girl, did you have a pleasant time at the picnic? Tell me now, what did you do there?"

The dusky little maiden looked up coyly, and broke out with, "Oh! I just played all day long, swinging and running and picking blackberries and cherries" (the little waif thought huckleberries were cherries), "and we picked flowers and made bouquets; and oh! such a nice dinner!"

"Will your mother let you go again?"

The laughing eyes filled with tears, and from a throat husky with sudden emotion came the words: "Mamma died a few weeks ago, and I haven't any body left but papa and baby. An old lady takes care of baby, and I live with her. Papa will let me go."

Several other children told their stories, all recollecting their excursion with pleasure, and desiring to go again. Such parents of children as were conversed with expressed satisfaction that their little ones were enabled by the kindness of the charitable to breathe the fresh air of the country for a day, and called down blessings upon the heads of those who so nobly respond to the appeal of the *Times*, and furnish the means by which these excursions are carried out.

THE CHILDREN'S PICNIC EXCURSION—ORGANIZED BY THE NEW YORK "TIMES."—[From a Sketch by Stanley Fox.]

(Continued from No. 812, page 567.)

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

Author of "Adam Bede," "Romola," etc.

BOOK IV.

THREE LOVE PROBLEMS.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"Thrice happy she that is so well assured
Unto herself, and settled so in heart,
That neither will for better be allured
Ne fears to worse with any chance to start,
But like a steddy ship doth strongly part
The raging waves, and keeps her course aright;
Ne aught for tempest doth from it depart,
Ne aught for fairer weather's false delight.
Such self-assurance need not fear the spight
Of grudging foes; ne favour seek of friends;
But in the stay of her own stedfast might
Neither to one herself nor other bends.
Most happy she that most assured doth rest,
But he most happy who such one loves best."
—Spenser.

The doubt hinted by Mr. Vincy whether it were only the general election or the end of the world that was coming on, now that George the Fourth was dead, Parliament dissolved, Wellington and Peel generally depreciated, and the new King apologetic, was a feeble type of the uncertainties in provincial opinion at that time. With the glow-worm lights of country places, how could men see which were their own thoughts in the confusion of a Tory ministry passing Liberal measures, of Tory nobles and electors being anxious to return Liberals rather than friends of the recreant ministers, and of outcries for remedies which seemed to have a mysteriously remote bearing on private interest, and were made suspicious by the advocacy of disagreeable neighbors? Buyers of the Middlemarch newspapers found themselves in an anomalous position: during the agitation on the Catholic Question many had given up the *Pioneer*—which had a motto from Charles James Fox and was in the van of progress—because it had taken Peel's side about the Papists, and had thus blotted its Liberalism with a toleration of Jesuitry and Baal; but they were ill satisfied with the *Trumpet*, which—since its blasts against Rome, and in the general flaccidity of the public mind (nobody knowing who would support whom)—had become feeble in its blowing.

It was a time, according to a noticeable article in the *Pioneer*, when the crying needs of the country might well counteract a reluctance to public action on the part of men whose minds had from long experience acquired breadth as well as concentration, decision of judgment as well as tolerance, dispassionateness as well as energy—in fact, all those qualities which in the melancholy experience of mankind have been the least disposed to share lodgings.

Mr. Hackbutt, whose fluent speech was at that time floating more widely than usual, and leaving much uncertainty as to its ultimate channel, was heard to say in Mr. Hawley's office that the article in question "emanated" from Brooke of Tipton, and that Brooke had secretly bought the *Pioneer* some months ago.

"That means mischief, eh?" said Mr. Hawley. "He's got the freak of being a popular man now, after dangling about like a stray tortoise. So much the worse for him. I've had my eye on him for some time. He shall be prettily pumped upon. He's a damned bad landlord. What business has an old county man to come currying favor with a low set of dark blue freemen? As to his paper, I only hope he may do the writing himself. It would be worth our paying for."

"I understand he has got a very brilliant young fellow to edit it, who can write the highest style of leading article, quite equal to any thing in the London papers. And he means to take very high ground on reform."

"Let Brooke reform his rent-roll. He's a cursed old screw, and the buildings all over his estate are going to rack. I suppose this young fellow is some loose fish from London."

"His name is Ladislaw. He is said to be of foreign extraction."

"I know the sort," said Mr. Hawley; "some emissary. He'll begin with flourishing about the Rights of Man and end with murdering a wench. That's the style."

"You must concede that there are abuses, Hawley," said Mr. Hackbutt, foreseeing some political disagreement with his family lawyer. "I myself should never favor immoderate views—in fact, I take my stand with Huskisson—but I can not blind myself to the consideration that the non-representation of large towns—"

"Large towns be damned!" said Mr. Hawley, impatient of exposition. "I know a little too much about Middlemarch elections. Let 'em quash every pocket borough to-morrow, and bring in every mushroom town in the kingdom—they'll only increase the expense of getting into Parliament. I go upon facts."

Mr. Hawley's disgust at the notion of the *Pioneer* being edited by an emissary, and of Brooke becoming actively political—as if a tortoise of desultory pursuits should protrude its small head ambitiously and become rampant—was hardly equal to the annoyance felt by some members of Mr. Brooke's own family. The result had oozed forth gradually, like the discovery that your neighbor has set up an unpleasant kind of manufacture which will be permanently under your nostrils without legal remedy. The *Pioneer* had been secretly bought even before Will Ladislaw's arrival, the expected opportunity having offered itself in the readiness of the proprietor to part with a valuable property which did not pay; and in the interval since Mr. Brooke had written his invitation those germinal ideas of making his mind tell upon the world at large which had been present in him from his younger years, but had hitherto lain in some obstruction, had been sprouting under cover.

The development was much furthered by a delight in his guest which proved greater even than he had anticipated. For it seemed that Will was not only at home in all those artistic and literary subjects which Mr. Brooke had gone into at one time, but that he was strikingly ready at seizing the points of the political situation, and dealing with them in that large spirit which, aided by adequate memory, lends itself to quotation and general effectiveness of treatment.

"He seems to me a kind of Shelley, you know," Mr. Brooke took an opportunity of saying, for the gratification of Mr. Casaubon. "I don't mean as to any thing objectionable—laxities or atheism, or any thing of that kind, you know—Ladislaw's sentiments in every way I am sure are good—indeed, we were talking a great deal together last night. But he has the same sort of enthusiasm for liberty, freedom, emancipation—a fine thing under guidance—under guidance, you know. I think I shall be able to put him on the right tack; and I am the more pleased because he is a relation of yours, Casaubon."

If the right tack implied any thing more precise than the rest of Mr. Brooke's speech, Mr. Casaubon silently hoped that it referred to some occupation at a great distance from Lowick. He had disliked Will while he helped him, but he had begun to dislike him still more now that Will had declined his help. That is the way with us when we have any uneasy jealousy in our disposition: if our talents are chiefly of the burrowing kind, our honey-sipping cousin (whom we have grave reasons for objecting to) is likely to have a secret contempt for us, and any one who admires him passes an oblique criticism on ourselves. Having the scruples of rectitude in our souls, we are above the meanness of injuring him—rather we meet all his claims on us by active benefits; and the drawing of checks for him, being a superiority which he must recognize, gives our bitterness a milder infusion. Now Mr. Casaubon had been deprived of that superiority (as any thing more than a remembrance) in a sudden, capricious manner. His antipathy to Will did not spring from the common jealousy of a winter-worn husband: it was something deeper, bred by his life-long claims and discontents; but Dorothea, now that she was present—Dorothea, as a young wife who herself had shown an offensive capability of criticism—necessarily gave concentration to the uneasiness which had before been vague.

Will Ladislaw on his side felt that his dislike was flourishing at the expense of his gratitude, and spent much inward discourse in justifying the dislike. Casaubon hated him—he knew that very well; on his first entrance he could discern a bitterness in the mouth and a venom in the glance which would almost justify declaring war in spite of past benefits. He was much obliged to Casaubon in the past, but really the act of marrying this wife was a set-off against the obligation. It was a question whether gratitude which refers to what is done for one's self ought not to give way to indignation at what is done against another. And Casaubon had done a wrong to Dorothea in marrying her. A man was bound to know himself better than that, and if he chose to grow gray crunching bones in a cavern, he had no business to be luring a girl into his companionship. "It is the most horrible of virgin sacrifices," said Will; and he painted to himself what were Dorothea's inward sorrows as if he had been writing a choric wail. But he would never lose sight of her: he would watch over her—if he gave up every thing else in life he would watch over her, and she should know that she had one slave in the world. Will had a "passionate prodigality" of statement both to himself and others. The simple truth was that nothing then invited him so strongly as the presence of Dorothea.

Invitations of the formal kind had been wanting, however, for Will had never been asked to go to Lowick. Mr. Brooke, indeed, confident of doing every thing agreeable which Casaubon, poor fellow, was too much absorbed to think of, had arranged to bring Ladislaw to Lowick several times (not neglecting meanwhile to introduce him elsewhere on every opportunity as "a young relative of Casaubon's"). And though Will had not seen Dorothea alone, their interviews had been enough to restore her former sense of young companionship with one who was cleverer than herself, yet seemed ready to be swayed by her. Poor Dorothea before her marriage had never found much room in other minds for what she cared most to say; and she had not, as we know, enjoyed her husband's superior instruction so much as she had expected. If she spoke with any keenness of interest to Mr. Casaubon, he heard her with an air of patience as if she had given a quotation from the Delectus familiar to him from his tender years, and sometimes mentioned curtly what ancient sects or personages had held similar ideas, as if there were too much of that sort in stock already; at other times he would inform her that she was mistaken, and reassert what her remark had questioned.

But Will Ladislaw always seemed to see more in what she said than she herself saw. Dorothea had little vanity, but she had the ardent woman's need to rule beneficently by making the joy of another soul. Hence the mere chance of seeing Will occasionally was like a lunette opened in the wall of her prison, giving her a glimpse of the sunny air; and this pleasure began to nullify her original alarm at what her husband might think about the introduction of Will as her uncle's guest. On this subject Mr. Casaubon had remained dumb.

But Will wanted to talk with Dorothea alone, and was impatient of slow circumstance. However slight the terrestrial intercourse between Dante and Beatrice or Petrarch and Laura, time changes the proportion of things, and in later days it is preferable to have fewer sonnets and more conversation. Necessity excused stratagem, but stratagem was limited by the dread of offending Dorothea. He found out at last that he wanted to take a particular sketch at Lowick; and one morning, when Mr. Brooke had to drive along the Lowick road on his way to the county town, Will asked to be set down with his sketch-book and camp-stool at Lowick, and without announcing himself at the Manor settled himself to sketch in a position where he must see Dorothea if she came out to walk—and he knew that she usually walked an hour in the morning.

But the stratagem was defeated by the weather. Clouds gathered with treacherous quickness, the rain came down, and Will was obliged to take shelter in the house. He intended, on the strength of relationship, to go into the drawing-room and wait there without being announced; and seeing his old acquaintance the butler in the hall, he said, "Don't mention that I am here, Pratt; I will wait till luncheon; I know Mr. Casaubon does not like to be disturbed when he is in the library."

"Master is out, Sir; there's only Mrs. Casaubon in the library. I'd better tell her you're here, Sir," said Pratt, a red-cheeked man, given to lively converse with Tantripp, and often agreeing with her that it must be dull for madam.

"Oh, very well; this confounded rain has hindered me from sketching," said Will, feeling so happy that he affected indifference with delightful ease.

In another minute he was in the library, and Dorothea was meeting him with her sweet unconstrained smile.

"Mr. Casaubon has gone to the Archdeacon's," she said, at once. "I don't know whether he will be at home again long before dinner. He was uncertain how long he should be. Did you want to say any thing particular to him?"

"No; I came to sketch, but the rain drove me in. Else I would not have disturbed you yet. I supposed that Mr. Casaubon was here, and I know he dislikes interruption at this hour."

"I am indebted to the rain, then. I am so glad to see you." Dorothea uttered these common words with the simple sincerity of an unhappy child, visited at school.

"I really came for the chance of seeing you alone," said Will, mysteriously forced to be just as simple as she was. He could not stay to ask himself, why not? "I wanted to talk about things, as we did in Rome. It always makes a difference when other people are present."

"Yes," said Dorothea, in her clear full tone of assent. "Sit down." She seated herself on a dark ottoman with the brown books behind her, looking in her plain dress of some thin woolen-white material, without a single ornament on her besides her wedding-ring, as if she were under a vow to be different from all other women; and Will sat down opposite her at two yards' distance, the light falling on his bright curls and delicate but rather petulant profile, with its defiant curves of lip and chin. Each looked at the other as if they had been two flowers which had opened then and there. Dorothea for the moment forgot her husband's mysterious irritation against Will: it seemed fresh water at her thirsty lips to speak without fear to the one person whom she had found receptive; for in looking backward through sadness she exaggerated a past solace.

"I have often thought that I should like to talk to you again," she said, immediately. "It seems strange to me how many things I said to you."

"I remember them all," said Will, with the unspeakable content in his soul of feeling that he was in the presence of a creature worthy to be perfectly loved. I think his own feelings at that moment were perfect, for we mortals have our divine moments, when love is satisfied in the completeness of the beloved object.

"I have tried to learn a great deal since we were in Rome," said Dorothea. "I can read Latin a little, and I am beginning to understand just a little Greek. I can help Mr. Casaubon better now. I can find out references for him and save his eyes in many ways. But it is very difficult to be learned; it seems as if people were worn out on the way to great thoughts, and can never enjoy them because they are too tired."

"If a man has a capacity for great thoughts, he is likely to overtake them before he is decrepit," said Will, with irrepressible quickness. But through certain sensibilities Dorothea was as quick as he, and seeing her face change, he added, immediately, "But it is quite true that the best minds have been sometimes overstrained in working out their ideas."

"You correct me," said Dorothea. "I expressed myself ill. I should have said that those who have great thoughts get too much worn in working them out. I used to feel about that, even when I was a little girl; and it always seemed to me that the use I should like to make of my life would be to help some one who did great works, so that his burden might be lighter."

Dorothea was led on to this bit of autobiography without any sense of making a revelation. But she had never before said any thing to Will which threw so strong a light on her marriage. He did not shrug his shoulders; and for want of that muscular outlet he thought the more irritably of beautiful lips kissing holy skulls and other emptinesses ecclesiastically enshrined. Also he had to take care that his speech should not betray that thought.

"But you may easily carry the help too far," he said, "and get overwrought yourself. Are you not too much shut up? You already look paler. It would be better for Mr. Casaubon to have a secretary; he could easily get a man who would do half his work for him. It would save him more effectually, and you need only help him in lighter ways."

"How can you think of that?" said Dorothea, in a tone of earnest remonstrance. "I should have no happiness if I did not help him in his work. What could I do? There is no good to be done in Lowick. The only thing I desire is to help him more. And he objects to a secretary: please not to mention that again."

"Certainly not, now I know your feeling. But I have heard both Mr. Brooke and Sir James Chettam express the same wish."

"Yes," said Dorothea, "but they don't understand—they want me to be a great deal on horseback, and have the garden altered and new conservatories, to fill up my days. I thought you could understand that one's mind has other wants," she added, rather impatiently—"besides, Mr. Casaubon can not bear to hear of a secretary."

"My mistake is excusable," said Will. "In old days I used to hear Mr. Casaubon speak as if he looked forward to having a secretary. Indeed, he held out the prospect of that office to me. But I turned out to be—not good enough for it."

Dorothea was trying to extract out of this an excuse for her husband's evident repulsion, as she said, with a playful smile, "You were not a steady worker enough."

"No," said Will, shaking his head backward, somewhat after the manner of a spirited horse. And then, the old irritable demon prompting him to give another good pinch at the moth-wings of poor Mr. Casaubon's glory, he went on: "And I have seen since that Mr. Casaubon does not like any one to overlook his work and know thoroughly what he is doing. He is too doubtful—too uncertain of himself. I may not be good for much, but he dislikes me because I disagree with him."

Will was not without his intentions to be always generous, but our tongues are little triggers which have usually been pulled before general intentions can be brought to bear. And it was too intolerable that Casaubon's dislike of him should not be fairly accounted for to Dorothea. Yet when he had spoken he was rather uneasy as to the effect on her.

But Dorothea was strangely quiet—not immediately indignant, as she had been on a like occasion in Rome. And the cause lay deep. She was no longer struggling against the perception of facts, but adjusting herself to their clearest perception; and now when she looked steadily at her husband's failure, still more at his possible consciousness of failure, she seemed to be looking along the one track where duty became tenderness. Will's want of reticence might have been met with more severity if he had not already been recommended to her mercy by her husband's dislike, which must seem hard to her till she saw better reason for it.

She did not answer at once, but after looking down ruminatingly she said, with some earnestness, "Mr. Casaubon must have overcome his dislike of you so far as his actions were concerned, and that is admirable."

"Yes; he has shown a sense of justice in family matters. It was an abominable thing that my grandmother should have been disinherited because she made what they called a *mésalliance*, though there was nothing to be said against her husband except that he was a Polish refugee who gave lessons for his bread."

"I wish I knew all about her!" said Dorothea. "I wonder how she bore the change from wealth to poverty: I wonder whether she was happy with her husband! Do you know much about them?"

"No: only that my grandfather was a patriot—a bright fellow—could speak many languages—musical—got his bread by teaching all sorts of things. They both died rather early. And I never knew much of my father, beyond what my mother told me; but he inherited the musical talents. I remember his slow walk and his long thin hands; and one day remains with me when he was lying ill, and I was very hungry, and had only a little bit of bread."

"Ah, what a different life from mine!" said Dorothea, with keen interest, clasping her hands on her lap. "I have always had too much of every thing. But tell me how it was—Mr. Casaubon could not have known about you then."

"No; but my father had made himself known to Mr. Casaubon, and that was my last hungry day. My father died soon after, and my mother and I were well taken care of. Mr. Casaubon always expressly recognized it as his duty to take care of us because of the harsh injustice which had been shown to his mother's sister. But now I am telling you what is not new to you."

In his inmost soul Will was conscious of wishing to tell Dorothea what was rather new even in his own construction of things—namely, that Mr. Casaubon had never done more than pay a debt toward him. Will was much too good a fellow to be easy under the sense of being ungrateful. And when gratitude has become a matter of reasoning, there are many ways of escaping from its bonds.

"No," answered Dorothea; "Mr. Casaubon has always avoided dwelling on his own honorable actions." She did not feel that her husband's conduct was depreciated; but this notion of what justice had required in his relations with Will Ladislaw took strong hold on her mind. After a moment's pause, she added, "He had never told me that he supported your mother. Is she still living?"

"No; she died by an accident—a fall—four years ago. It is curious that my mother, too, ran away from her family, but not for the sake of her husband. She never would tell me any thing about her family, except that she forsook them to get her own living—went on the stage,

in fact. She was a dark-eyed creature, with crisp ringlets, and never seemed to be getting old. You see I come of rebellious blood on both sides," Will ended, smiling brightly at Dorothea, while she was still looking with serious intentness before her, like a child seeing a drama for the first time.

But her face, too, broke into a smile as she said, "That is your apology, I suppose, for having yourself been rather rebellious; I mean to Mr. Casaubon's wishes. You must remember that you have not done what he thought best for you. And if he dislikes you—you were speaking of dislike a little while ago, but I should rather say, if he has shown any painful feelings toward you—you must consider how sensitive he has become from the wearing effect of study. Perhaps," she continued, getting into a pleading tone, "my uncle has not told you how serious Mr. Casaubon's illness was. It would be very petty of us who are well and can bear things, to think much of small offenses from those who carry a weight of trial."

"You teach me better," said Will. "I will never grumble on that subject again." There was a gentleness in his tone which came from the unutterable contentment of perceiving—what Dorothea was hardly conscious of—that she was traveling into the remoteness of pure pity and loyalty toward her husband. Will was ready to adore her pity and loyalty if she would associate himself with her in manifesting them. "I have really sometimes been a perverse fellow," he went on, "but I will never again, if I can help it, do or say what you would disapprove."

"That is very good of you," said Dorothea, with another open smile. "I shall have a little kingdom then, where I shall give laws. But you will soon go away, out of my rule, I imagine. You will soon be tired of staying at the Grange."

"That is a point I wanted to mention to you—one of the reasons why I wished to speak to you alone. Mr. Brooke proposes that I should stay in this neighborhood. He has bought one of the Middlemarch newspapers, and he wishes me to conduct that, and also to help him in other ways."

"Would not that be a sacrifice of higher prospects for you?" said Dorothea.

"Perhaps; but I have always been blamed for thinking of prospects, and not settling to any thing. And here is something offered to me. If you would not like me to accept it, I will give it up. Otherwise I would rather stay in this part of the country than go away. I belong to nobody any where else."

"I should like you to stay very much," said Dorothea, at once, as simply and readily as she had spoken at Rome. There was not the shadow of a reason in her mind at the moment why she should not say so.

"Then I *will* stay," said Ladislaw, shaking his head backward, rising and going toward the window, as if to see whether the rain had ceased.

But the next moment Dorothea, according to a habit which was getting continually stronger, began to reflect that her husband felt differently from herself, and she colored deeply under the double embarrassment of having expressed what might be in opposition to her husband's feeling, and of having to suggest this opposition to Will. His face was not turned toward her, and this made it easier to say—

"But my opinion is of little consequence on such a subject. I think you should be guided by Mr. Casaubon. I spoke without thinking of any thing else than my own feeling, which has nothing to do with the real question. But it now occurs to me—perhaps Mr. Casaubon might see that the proposal was not wise. Can you not wait now and mention it to him?"

"I can't wait to-day," said Will, inwardly scared by the possibility that Mr. Casaubon would enter. "The rain is quite over now. I told Mr. Brooke not to call for me: I would rather walk the five miles. I shall strike across Halsell Common, and see the gleams on the wet grass. I like that."

He approached her to shake hands quite hurriedly, longing but not daring to say, "Don't mention the subject to Mr. Casaubon." No, he dared not, could not say it. To ask her to be less simple and direct would be like breathing on the crystal that you want to see the light through. And there was always the other great dread—of himself becoming dimmed and forever ray-shorn in her eyes.

"I wish you could have staid," said Dorothea, with a touch of mournfulness, as she rose and put out her hand. She also had her thought which she did not like to express: Will certainly ought to lose no time in consulting Mr. Casaubon's wishes, but for her to urge this might seem an undue dictation.

So they only said "Good-by," and Will quitted the house, striking across the fields so as not to run any risk of encountering Mr. Casaubon's carriage, which, however, did not appear at the gate until four o'clock. That was an unpropitious hour for coming home: it was too early to gain the moral support under *ennui* of dressing his person for dinner, and too late to undress his mind of the day's frivolous ceremony and affairs, so as to be prepared for a good plunge into the serious business of study. On such occasions he usually threw himself into an easy-chair in the library, and allowed Dorothea to read the London papers to him, closing his eyes the while. To-day, however, he declined that relief, observing that he had already had too many public details urged upon him; but he spoke more cheerfully than usual, when Dorothea asked about his fatigue, and added, with that air of formal effort which never forsook him even when he spoke without his waistcoat and cravat:

"I have had the gratification of meeting my former acquaintance, Dr. Spanning, to-day, and of being praised by one who is himself a worthy recipient of praise. He spoke very handsomely of my late tractate on the Egyptian Mysteries—using, in fact, terms which it would not become me to repeat." In uttering the last clause Mr. Casaubon leaned over the elbow of his chair, and swayed his head up and down, apparently as a muscular outlet instead of that recapitulation which would not have been becoming.

"I am very glad you have had that pleasure," said Dorothea, delighted to see her husband less weary than usual at this hour. "Before you came I had been regretting that you happened to be out to-day."

"Why so, my dear?" said Mr. Casaubon, throwing himself backward again.

"Because Mr. Ladislaw has been here; and he has mentioned a proposal of my uncle's which I should like to know your opinion of." Her husband, she felt, was really concerned in this question. Even with her ignorance of the world, she had a vague impression that the position offered to Will was out of keeping with his family connections, and certainly Mr. Casaubon had a claim to be consulted. He did not speak, but merely bowed.

"Dear uncle, you know, has many projects. It appears that he has bought one of the Middlemarch newspapers, and he has asked Mr. Ladislaw to stay in this neighborhood and conduct the paper for him, besides helping him in other ways."

Dorothea looked at her husband while she spoke, but he had at first blinked, and finally closed his eyes, as if to save them, while his lips became more tense. "What is your opinion?" she added, rather timidly, after a slight pause.

"Did Mr. Ladislaw come on purpose to ask my opinion?" said Mr. Casaubon, opening his eyes narrowly with a knife-edged look at Dorothea. She was really uncomfortable on the point he inquired about, but she only became a little more serious, and her eyes did not swerve.

"No," she answered, immediately, "he did not say that he came to ask your opinion. But when he mentioned the proposal, he of course expected me to tell you of it."

Mr. Casaubon was silent.

"I feared that you might feel some objection. But certainly a young man with so much talent might be very useful to my uncle—might help him to do good in a better way. And Mr. Ladislaw wishes to have some fixed occupation. He has been blamed, he says, for not seeking something of that kind, and he would like to stay in this neighborhood, because no one cares for him elsewhere."

Dorothea felt that this was a consideration to soften her husband. However, he did not speak, and she presently recurred to Dr. Spanning and the Archdeacon's breakfast. But there was no longer sunshine on these subjects.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE bronze statue of Lincoln, to be erected over his remains at Springfield, Illinois, has been executed by Mr. S. Mossman, at the Ames Works, in Chickopee, Massachusetts. The height of the statue is eleven feet, and it represents Mr. Lincoln in citizen's dress, standing at rest, with his right hand (still holding the pen with which he has just signed the emancipation proclamation) resting upon the Roman fasces, over the top of which is carelessly thrown the American flag. Beside the fasces lies a laurel wreath. The left hand is slightly extended, grasping the roll which gives liberty to three and a half million slaves.

An entranced visitor to the Overlook Mountains pities the lower world, and says: "We would, if we could, send you down a breath of this delightful mountain breeze (our thermometer is only seventy-seven degrees), but mountain breezes are mountain possessions, and consequently not transferable; so you must either come up after them or go without."

Dr. Norman Macleod was a fine speaker, and the life and soul of a dinner-party. Tall, portly, and handsome, with a beaming countenance and an eye full of genial humor, he was indeed a favorite every where. His conversation was full of wit and sparkle; and in the pulpit, instead of haranguing his congregation, he talked to them quietly, thoughtfully, and earnestly, as one man would to another in his serious moments.

A tooth, warranted genuine, and purporting to have belonged to the Emperor Napoleon I., was lately sold in Brussels for $33. Prince Napoleon is speculating in relics of his great relation, having sold his collection in London for about half a million.

Anaheim, in Los Angelos County, California, is a German settlement containing an industrious population of nearly two thousand. It was laid out in 1859 by some wealthy Germans who formed an association for the purpose of establishing a collection of vineyards and homes for some of their deserving countrymen. Land was purchased, an irrigating canal ten miles long was constructed, and vines were planted. Thrifty Germans settled there, small but substantial dwellings sprang up, and now Anaheim is one of the most charming little towns in California. The people are thriving and contented. They produce wines, red and white, which are said to equal any that can be imported, and large quantities of superior brandy.

The new postal card system will be of great service to many persons. For one cent a message may be transmitted by mail which previously cost three cents. Much information sent in letters is not of the slightest interest to any except the parties between whom the correspondence is carried on. Hence there is no motive for outside curiosity, and post-office clerks in general treat the letters passing through their hands almost mechanically.

There is a new summer resort—refreshing in its very name—Iceland. A line of steamships has been established to run "summer ships" from Granton, Scotland, to Iceland, and the screw steamship *Queen* completed her first voyage on June 15, eleven days after leaving the Firth on her outward passage. The voyage out took exactly four days, and the return home occupied a few hours longer. The passengers seem to have been much pleased with their expedition, notwithstanding the inconveniences arising from the want of roads, means of conveyance, and hotel accommodation. Iceland may yet become a favorite retreat from the "heated terms."

Victor Emanuel bears the reputation of being the most generous of European sovereigns. His purse is ever open, and he expends money freely for suffering humanity. In addition to the immense sums he has distributed to the sufferers by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, he has given no less than 20,000 francs to those ruined by the late floods in the north, when the Po overflowed its banks, destroying the crops, and laying a large tract of country under water.

It is confidently asserted, in opposition to a theory recently suggested, that the ox-eye daisy has nothing whatever to do with fever and ague, that the fever exists where never a daisy is seen, and that sections of country covered with it are wholly free from malaria.

A lad of fifteen, John O'Keefe by name, the son of an ordinary dock laborer in this city, recently received an appointment to the United States Naval Academy. In a competitive examination between twenty-six applicants he proved to be best qualified. Sixteen of the number were rejected by the medical examiner, but among the remainder Master O'Keefe stood first in merit. He received the most hearty congratulations on the announcement of the decision of the committee.

In many parts of France and Germany a most extraordinary superstitious mania is now prevailing like an epidemic. It seems to have originated on the French borders, near Wissembourg, but has spread widely. Thousands of people, many of them educated and intelligent, profess to see all sorts of strange characters traced upon the window-panes of their houses. The figures are usually of a religious or a warlike character. Nothing can convince these people that it is only a delusion. In most of the villages the inhabitants sit for long hours during the day watching their window-panes for these miraculous manifestations, while their fields are remaining uncultivated, and scarcely a day passes but some little village has its new apparition to publish to the world. To make matters worse, a portion of the priesthood seem to be using this unhealthy excitement for enforcing the doctrines of faith in the miraculous.

Dr. Dio Lewis has gone abroad for an eighteen-months' sojourn. His special object is to study the European methods of physical culture. He intends to examine particularly the system of Turkish baths in use in different cities, and will go as far as Constantinople for that purpose.

California will outshine her sister States in novelties. The latest curiosity reported from within her boundaries is a hotel which consists of the hollow trunks of ten immense trees standing in a group a few feet apart. Nine of the hollow trunks are neatly papered and whitewashed, and used as bedrooms; the tenth is an office and bar-room. This is truly making the most of natural resources.

The Boston *Traveller* sends out the following poetical effusion:

"I want to get an office,
And in the office stand,
With brass upon my forehead,
With greenbacks in my hand.
And oh, to get that office
I'll vote for Horace G.,
Unless, meantime, Ulysses
Should promise it to me."

We commend to the consideration of politicians a brief conversation, which, although it did not occur during the present campaign, may convey a worthy lesson. It is as follows:

"I'll never go inside that meeting-house again!" exclaimed an angry politician; "our minister does nothing but preach politics."

"Why, my dear man, he did not name politics, as well as I remember, in all his sermon."

"No, but his prayer was full of it, and he prayed against our party point-blank."

"Why, what do you mean? I did not notice it."

"Didn't notice it! Why, did not he pray against bribery, and ballot-box stuffing, and frauds at elections; and didn't he pray that corrupt men might be defeated and honest and godly men be chosen to rule over us?"

The editor of a New Mexico paper describes the discovery of a "soap mine" by "one of our prominent citizens." While on a prospecting tour the prominent citizen noticed a rock formation of a peculiar character. Incited by curiosity, he broke off a piece, and taking it to the creek, plunged it into the water, for the purpose of ascertaining its consistency and grain. Upon taking it out of his hands, what was his surprise to see a lather formed, and with a vigorous rubbing the stone proved to possess all the cleansing virtues of the most excellent soap. The stone is a dun-color, about the hardness of chalk, and forms a perfect lather, while it effectually removes all stains and grease-spots from clothing. The editor somewhat naïvely adds: "We have tried the soap personally, and must pronounce it a success. After bathing it leaves the skin as soft and smooth as that of a new-born baby, while the odor is quite pleasant." There can be no doubt of its being good soap if it will wash printers clean. The discoverer should quarry it for the market.

It has been remarked that one great drawback to Paris as a residence is that there are no watering-places within easy distance of the city. The fashionable resorts in the Pyrenees are too far away, and Vichy is both too distant and too expensive. An attempt has been made to establish baths at Enghien, half an hour's ride from the city, but the village was not attractive, having been much injured by the war, and, moreover, its sulphur waters were not generally relished.

Why do not the street railroad companies unite in securing some method of protecting, at least partially, their hard-worked horses from the excessive heat of our summer sun? Hundreds of horses doubtless die every season from the heat, combined with the effects of the exertion of drawing heavily laden cars. The question is not only one of humanity, but also of business economy. Passengers are not unfrequently detained on their trips by the sudden prostration of one of the animals by which they are being transported. Railroad and stage companies also might well give the subject immediate consideration. The sacrifice of one horse a day during the continuance of the hot weather—and that is not an overestimate of the loss sustained by each company in the city of New York—would occasion a material reduction in the diurnal profits. Some simple, inexpensive awning, to project from the car over the principal part of the body of the horse, or an ample protection for the head, is certainly practicable, and would give the poor animals great relief. Will not inventors look into this matter, and give us a plan which may be carried into effect next summer?

Romance in real life is not rare; and there comes from England a story which some brilliant novelist should turn to account. In a pleasant village near Stafford, England, a retired baker, Rogers by name, has lived for some years in quiet respectability. His wife died some years ago; and four years ago a wealthy maiden lady took advantage of leap-year to intimate to Mr. Rogers her willingness to bestow upon him her heart, hand, and heritage. The gentleman politely but firmly declined the honor. Nothing more was heard of the lady until, a few months ago, Mr. Rogers received a letter from her, summoning him to what she feared would be her death-bed. Mr. R. contented himself with writing a formal note of condolence. In a week or two the lady died, bequeathing to Mr. Rogers a fortune variously estimated at £4000 to £6000 per annum. The lady was not connected by relationship with Mr. Rogers, and the latter had, if any thing, an aversion to her. Her affection seems, however, to have been sincere; for, although she had nephews and nieces who diligently courted her favor, Mr. Rogers comes in for the bulk of her property, and the will is witnessed by a lawyer and two medical gentlemen of eminence, a precaution taken, no doubt, lest interested persons should contest the validity of the document by raising the plea of insanity. Mr. Rogers is a gentleman of unassuming and almost retiring manners; and it is said that he is considerably perplexed by the news of his good fortune. A large estate in Cumberland, a mansion in Belgravia, picture-galleries, horses, broughams, and a suit of servants, must be a great change to one who has hitherto lived an obscure life of happy contentment in a little cottage on the banks of the Penk.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN Irish paper concludes a biography of Robespierre with the following sentence: "This extraordinary man left no children except his brother, who was killed at the same time."

MASTER OF ARTS—A male flirt.

A minister going to dine after sermon with one of his deacons came upon the hired boy of his host digging at a woodchuck's hole. The parson, who was unknown to the boy, checked his rein and accosted him with, "Well, my son, what are you doing there?" "Digging out a woodchuck, Sir," said the boy. "Why, but don't you know that it is very wicked? And, besides, you won't get him if you dig for him on Sunday." "Git 'im!" said the boy. "Thunder! I've got to git 'im: the minister's coming to our house to dinner, and we ain't got any meat."

Providence, it has been not inaptly said, provides for the provident.

"Well, David," said a poor but worthy citizen to one of our city magnates, "the world has prospered with you, and they say you are immensely rich." "Well," replied David, "perhaps it is true; but we can not take our gold with us when we go." "It would melt if you did!" was the quick retort.

Dr. Holmes says that crying widows marry first. There is nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

Dueling is described by a gushing Memphis poet as "this wart on a Christian age."

A certain idiot, allowed to frequent the grounds of Eglinton Castle, was one day seen by the earl taking a near-cut and crossing a fence. The earl called out, "Come back, Sir! that's not the road." "Do you ken," said Will, "whaur I'm gaun?" "No," replied his lordship. "Well, hoo do ye ken whether this be the road or no?"

Byron calls slander,

"That abominable tittle-tattle,
The cud eschewed by human cattle."

Sir Charles Lyell declares that the entire continent of North America will be washed away into the ocean in four and a half millions of years. And yet the people take an interest in real estate!

Killing time must mean *instant* execution.

Davenport, Iowa, has a girl who spells backward. We never thought backward was a hard word to spell before.

LONG DIVISION—Separation for life.

What sort of ascent is a descent?—A trip up, for it brings you down.

A Springfield paper says: "We know shoes have soles and tongues, and now a chap in Rhode Island advertises, 'Shoes made Hear.' We don't believe it."

THE TIES THAT CONNECT BUSINESS MEN WITH THE PUBLIC—Advertise.

"Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." Yes, and when some men would dye, they first get madder.

An old woman, on being examined before a magistrate as to her place of legal settlement, was asked what reason she had for supposing her husband had a legal settlement in that town. The old lady said, "He was born and married there, and they buried him there, and if that isn't settling him there, I don't know what is."

GREAT COMPOSER—Sleep.

"I resort to wine to stimulate my wits," said a young spendthrift to an old one. "Ah," replied the veteran, "that is the way I began, but now I have to resort to my wits to get my wine."

STAKE-HOLDERS—Butchers.

A gentleman who was buying a watch to replace one that had been stolen from him remarked that he was "making up for lost time."

Every man is liable to commit an error, even to do grievous wrong, in a moment of carelessness or excitement; but it is not every man who has the nobility to frankly acknowledge himself in the wrong. A Danbury paper gives an instance of such nobility which is extremely touching. We can not remember when our editorial heart was more deeply moved than on reading Henry's manly letter—a letter which was picked up on the street by a reporter of the paper alluded to:

"DEAR JANE,—I hope you ain't mad because I didn't laff at you when you lafft at me last evening at the post-offis. I ain't prowd, dear Jane, but I have got a bile under my arm, and I can't laff as I used to, as heaven is my judge. Yours truly, HENRY."

"THE LAST LOT."—From a Painting by the late C

e late George H. Thomas.—[See Page 602.]

"THE LAST LOT."

The interesting double-page illustration given in this number of the *Weekly* is engraved from a picture by the late Mr. G. H. Thomas, an English artist of very high repute, with whose works we have already made our readers familiar. He was particularly happy in his treatment of horses. The scene represented in the engraving is at the termination of an English cattle fair, where one lot remains unsold, to the evident sorrow of the venerable old countryman, whose prospects of food and shelter perhaps depend on his finding a purchaser for the animal whose services he no longer needs. We may imagine him to be a small farmer of the old-fashioned school, who has succumbed to a succession of bad crops, or has been ruined by cattle plague or foot-rot. Perhaps the landlord's agent has got rid of him to make way for a younger and smarter man, and now he stands with the last remnant of his property at the end of that halter. Doubtless, too, he is fond of the horse, as an old and faithful servant, but poverty presses, and a sale must be effected. At the last moment, perhaps, a buyer will appear. Let us hope he will not be of the Jenkinson order immortalized in the "Vicar of Wakefield," or the old man may find that he has let the "Last Lot" go for a worthless bit of paper.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

A TERRIBLE INFANT.

On their honey-moon in the Lake Country Arthur and Helen were as happy as the days were long; and the wet days, with which that beautiful region is so plentifully dowered, *were* long. On the fine ones there was always a hill to be climbed, from which four-and-twenty distinct sheets of water were to be seen; or a row on the lake to be taken to some point from which four-and-twenty distinct hills could be counted; but when the sheets of water came down perpendicularly and hid the hills, it became a little dull within-doors. Our ancestors seem to have had a great liking for inns, and that, too, when no modern improvements in the way of *table d'hôtes* and croquet grounds made inn life social. They drank a good deal, it is true, and perhaps the reflection that they were stopping at a place where no remonstrance was likely to be made upon the amount of liquor they imbibed was grateful to them; else, there is certainly an atmosphere of discomfort about even the best-regulated hotels that causes, if not discontent, at least restlessness and ennui. To be confined to the coffee-room, or even to the public reading-room (where there is one), for a whole day is a melancholy experience; and even if you have with you your own materials for business or amusement, you can not use them there effectually.

Of course our bride and bridegroom had a bower of their own to sit in, where they could be "all in all to one another;" but even there a day-long down-pour produced depressing effects. Helen would sometimes send forth her Arthur, like the dove of old, to see whether the waters were subsiding; or if they were obviously not doing so, suggest to him that he should take a walk without her, since she was sure he must be getting ennuyed, shut up alone with her all day. And though he gallantly denied that (as he was expected to do), he took his walk, not wholly without a sense of emancipation. Or sometimes she would say, good-naturedly, "Why not have a game of billiards, darling?" and he would go into the hotel pool-room, and stop there for several games; and it was curious how much more quickly the time passed there than it did in their private parlor. But this, perhaps, if the truth were told, is the history of all honey-moons, more or less. However it may be with woman, man can not live on sugar-plums for a whole month without occasionally getting a little tired of them. The couples who earn that flitch of bacon at Dunmow, yearly, must be of angelic tempers, or else (and which is more consonant with human experience) great fibbers; for they make oath that they have never had so much as "a tiff," "a breeze," "a squabble"—the very number of synonyms for the thing show how universally prevalent it is. That the quarrels of lovers are the renewings of love we learn even from the Latin grammar; and if there is no quarrel, how is love to be renewed? "Tiffs" are the very salt of the ocean of love, without which it would "go bad," as the housekeepers say—become utterly flat and insipid. A man of sense likes his wife (so to speak) to have a kick in her, and *vice versa;* and unless this is the case men are but tyrants and women termagants. If any fault could be found in the relations between Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Tyndall on their wedding-tour, it was that they were too loving a couple. For Helen worshiped Arthur, and Arthur did his best to prove that he worshiped Helen—nor is it to be supposed that he worshiped her very much indeed because he liked another better. To do him justice, he did not think of that other more than he could possibly help. When the idea obtruded itself, as it sometimes would ("Ah, if it were but Jenny!"), he put it from him with a sense of shame, and was doubly attentive to his wife by way of penance. Then, if only tolerably happy himself, he made Helen perfectly so: walking beside her pony as she rode up Skiddaw, and stopping it whenever the view struck him as most favorable to point out to her Glaramara or Scafell, or making her toil a pleasure in some less ambitious ramble on foot by the aid of his strong arm and tender guidance. They had no "tiffs," it was true, at present; but that was his fault. Helen was sometimes not disinclined for them—her nature, indeed, like that of many other excellent women, was tiffy; but he would never take up the quarrel, however temptingly it was offered for his acceptance.

This was not, as all married people are aware, a healthy state of things. When a man is henpecked, there is generally a pretty good reason for it, which is not to his credit; and similarly, though in a less degree, it is a bad sign if he doesn't take his own part when attacked by his wife without reason. Helen didn't hurt him much, it is true; she didn't bite him, but she nibbled at him, and he did not resent it. It was enough to make any woman have her suspicions. Fortunately for her own peace of mind, they never hit upon the real explanation, which was (I think) that Arthur felt he had no devotion to spare—no reserve fund of affection upon which he could draw in case of having any heavy balance to make up in the way of discontent and annoyance. If the waiters and chamber-maids in the Lake Country had been asked their opinion upon the subject—and they have a great experience of newly married folk—they would have described Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Tyndall as "a fond pair," but have added their doubts of "its lasting." The bridegroom was "too much of a lamb," and did not "assert hisself" sufficiently.

The first time that Arthur showed his determination to have his own way was upon the question of the duration of their tour. He wished it to be prolonged for some days or weeks (in fact, indefinitely), while his wife wanted to go home—to Swansdale. Natural scenery had no great charms for her, and though she enjoyed the lakes immensely with her darling Arthur, she would have enjoyed Lincolnshire equally well under the same circumstances; she was tired of rambling and scrambling, and it was growing late in the season. Above all, she was eager to assume her station as the great lady at Swansdale. Here, in the Lake Country, she was a bride indeed, and as such a focus of considerable interest; but there were half a dozen brides besides herself, who were focuses also. At Swansdale she would be *the* bride; in her honor calls would be paid by the county, dinner-parties given, bells set ringing, gravel-paths strewed with flowers—in fact, a great fuss about her, such as is dear to the female heart, would probably be made, and she was impatient for it.

Arthur, on the other hand, dreaded the return home. It seemed to him haunted by Jenny's presence. If she had been dead and he had wronged her, his conscience could scarcely have smitten him more keenly. The Hall would be a prison to him, for how could he ever leave it, by land or water, secure from meeting her! He would see her (as he had already pictured her) in the organ-loft at church, and come face to face with her in the porch, perhaps, when the service was over. Once out of the Hall grounds, neither path nor stream would be safe from her. Would they meet for the first time alone or in company? and if the latter, would he be with his Helen? And would Jenny speak or not, and what would she say? For her own sake, as well as for his, he wished that she lived miles away from Swansdale. He was resolute never to revive in her by word or look the embers of that love that was supposed to have died out between them. Of course, if it had been really dead, he would have had no fear of revivifying it. He knew, in his own case, that it was alive—smouldering, glowing deep within him—and only kept from bursting forth in flame by the united efforts of several moral fire-engines. Prudence, Gratitude, and Right Feeling pumped cold water upon it at the least sign of danger, and kept it under for the present; but they could not put it out. They worked hard, however, to do so. Arthur Tyndall had really done his best to remedy the consequences of his own faithlessness and folly. He had been prepared on that morning when he stood alone in the summer-house to take upon himself all the consequences of his own bad behavior; he had made up his mind to adjure ease and station, and go forth from his native land alone and poor, in order to discharge by toil what he considered to be a just obligation. In the end, perhaps, he had flattered himself that he might win Jenny also; but this expectation was so exceedingly remote that it scarcely sweetened the bitter cup he had resolved to drain to the dregs. Then came Helen, as we have seen, and won him back again to herself, chiefly by her self-sacrificing generosity, partly by the passionate devotion which it so evidently evinced.

Having given way to her fond arguments, to which he had not had the courage to oppose the truth, was it possible for him when, thanks to Jack, he found himself a free man, to turn upon Helen and reject her for the second time upon a ground that he had not mentioned on the first occasion? At all events, he had not had "the heart"—the courage or the brutality—to do so; and he was now a married man. As respected his position as Helen's husband, it is true he had as yet, even in thought, little to reproach himself with; but he feared the temptations that the future might have in store for him. He remembered that meeting on the little bridge with Jenny—her tears and her agony. He knew she loved him then, and feared—what, if he had been a scoundrel, he would have hoped—that she loved him *still*. He was neither so vain nor so base as to anticipate any positive harm to Jenny from his presence at Swansdale; but he felt that it would be bad for her and bad—or at least embarrassing and inconvenient—for him. Hence it was that he opposed Helen's wish to return home.

"Let us go to London for a week or two first," suggested he—a temporary reprieve at best but procrastination seemed always better to Arthur Tyndall than the grappling with a difficulty face to face, and getting it over. "Let us go to London, dear, and enjoy ourselves a bit before shutting ourselves up at Swansdale."

"Ah, you dread shutting yourself up with me alone, Arthur!" was Helen's quick rejoinder. "You have had enough of my society, I suppose, and require some relief from it before you can undergo it at home for good: just as people take their children to the sea-side in autumn to give them strength to bear the winter!"

"Really, my dear Helen, I think you have no reason to say that. I am sure I've—" Here he stopped, but not quite in time.

"Been very attentive to me, you were going to say; or, 'borne every thing very patiently all this time.'"

"Indeed, I was not, Helen. You put words into my mouth. The fact is, this is just the dampest time of the year at the river-side; and you are far from strong, you know, my darling, though you are so plucky, and never own to any thing being the matter."

Helen had one duodecimo ringlet, a mere curling thread of softest silk, that hung down beside her delicate ear, and with this he toyed affectionately as he spoke. Unable as man is to cope with woman, and especially when she is his wife, nature gives to what is paradoxically termed "the sterner sex" some little arts that serve to mitigate female tyranny; and when Arthur could capture this curl, Helen always became mollified.

"But, my dear Arthur," said she, smiling, "that loving argument of yours—which is, however, founded upon a mistake, for I am quite strong—would have equal force to keep me away from Swansdale for months to come."

"Well, for some time, certainly, my dear."

"Oh, but that's nonsense! We will stop in town, if you like, for a few days on our way home, but home we must go. So far from its doing me harm, I feel it will do me good. I am quite pining for Swansdale."

Arthur sighed, but submitted. How could he do otherwise, since he had, in fact, no arguments with which to support his position? Helen, however, was so pleased with him for his prompt capitulation—for she had the sagacity to perceive that it was no mere whim that he had thus given up—that she made up her mind to reward him by letting him invite a bachelor friend or two from town to shoot with him at home.

When they did go to town, and Arthur expressed no wish to do this, she took it as a sign that he was content with her society, and out of gratitude to him asked Mr. Allardyce herself to Swansdale, expecting to give her husband a joyful surprise. So far from being joyfully surprised, he was considerably annoyed by this, for several reasons. In the first place, it was treating him like a child; or, rather, it was treating him as though he was not master in his own house—a very unpleasant notion to a poor man who has married an heiress; in the second, because his regard for Allardyce was less real than apparent. He stuck to him loyally, because others looked askance at him, as he believed, without cause; but now that he played cards no longer, there was, in fact, scarcely any thing in common between them. He still, however, professed a considerable regard for "Lardy," which, backed by the influence of the herb valerian, had induced Helen to invite the man; and when she had done so, he could scarcely cancel his wife's act. If she had asked Adair, he would have forgiven her easily enough, though it was doubtful whether Jack could have come, for though the long vacation was not yet over, he was understood to be working hard in his chambers, not so much, perhaps, with the woolsack in view as the possession of a certain prize in petticoats, whose name may be guessed.

But Helen had *not* asked Jack, nor shown herself so kindly toward him as she might have done as her husband's oldest friend; and now Jack would doubtless be annoyed, not, indeed, that he had been slighted—for his nature was too magnanimous to harbor "littlenesses" of that sort—but that the man of whom he entertained so ill an opinion should be asked to Arthur's home. It was true that Arthur did not share that opinion; but he would certainly not have wished to act in the teeth of it, as this invitation made him appear to do. He clung to Jack more than ever now, and would have liked to have *him* at Swansdale beyond every thing; but, as we have said, the young barrister's studies forbade it, and also the invitation might have been declined on other grounds. Though Adair was incapable of petty feelings, he had sensibility enough to perceive that his presence was not welcome to his friend's wife; and if he had been less modest, or more acquainted with female character, he would have known the reason of it—namely, that though she knew his influence over her husband was never used except for good, she was jealous of him.

As it was, it was impossible for him to press his society upon the newly married pair; and Arthur, in resentment at the necessity which kept Jack at a distance, did a thing which was dreadful in Helen's eyes: he left her alone occasionally, and dined with him at the club. It is due to Jack—whose character, though he might never become a judge, was eminently judicious—to say that these proposals emanated from Arthur. Jack foresaw that they would only increase the disfavor with which Mrs. Tyndall regarded him, and yet he could hardly refuse to meet his friend without stating the cause of his disinclination to do so, which would have been ill-judged indeed. He could not, as a bachelor, suggest to his married friend that he ought not to leave his wife—if it might be done in some cases, Arthur at least was the last man in the world to take such advice—and, moreover, it was unnecessary, since his wife was sure to let him know as much. These meetings themselves had not the flavor of the old times. All subjects had then been open for their discussion, if not for their agreement. Now there were no less than three which were tacitly avoided as topics of conversation—Jenny, Helen, and Allardyce. Moreover, the idea that when the evening was over he would be called to account for the manner in which he had spent it, or, what was worse, would be subjected to sideway reflections—"flings"—from his neglected bride, leavened the whole entertainment for Arthur. "Small matters, indeed," it may be said, "to harass an existence which could boast of so many blessings." But, unhappily, such existences are easily harassed; and it is by such small specks that the "white radiance" of married life becomes blurred and blackened.

It is not to be supposed, however, even when Arthur found himself seated in the train for Swansdale, next his wife and opposite to the unwelcome Allardyce, that he wished himself unmarried. When matters have come to *that* pass—when a man or woman allow even to themselves, "I have made a mistake in my marriage"—the position is serious indeed. No: beset by misgivings as he was with respect to Jenny, and annoyed to find himself hampered for an indefinite time with a not very congenial companion in his whilom friend, Arthur was not so disloyal to his recent vows as to wish himself a free man again. His disagreements with his wife—for they were more serious than "tiffs," and had no such healthy influence—were, after all, only occasional, nor was he unconscious that her excessive devotion to himself lay at the bottom of them. When Helen had ceased to be a bride, and become a wife, she would grow more sensible and less exacting; doubtless they would get on "all right together when once they were at home." It must be remembered that Helen had youth and beauty on her side, two powerful allies.

There was one advantage in "that fellow Allardyce"—so far had "Lardy" already dropped in the thermometer of friendship—being with them: there was no occasion for him (Arthur) to make conversation; and it was a relief to him, while appearing to listen to that of his wife and friend, to be left alone with his own thoughts. Especially was this the case when the scenery began to grow familiar to his eyes, and suggestive of the past. When they reached the station, from which they had still a few miles to drive, there was Uncle Magus on the platform to greet them; farther on there was a more public welcome in the shape of a triumphal arch, and a crowd of male and female notables of the village, headed by the rector, who made the happy pair the subject of a pleasant speech.

Helen was delighted by these manifestations of the general good-will, and bowed to left and right, after the pattern of her Gracious Majesty when acknowledging the plaudits of her subjects. Mr. Allardyce, if slightly bored, was cynically amused; and Arthur thought it "deuced kind of every body," and in more polite phrase expressed himself to that effect. Only he looked about him a little nervously lest his eye should light on Jenny. She was not likely to be present on such an occasion from choice, but she might be so from fear of her absence being misconstrued. At the lodge gates, where they left the carriage, the village school-children were assembled, and sang a song composed by some local poet for the occasion. If the words were not of great merit, the sentiments they expressed were very kindly, and Helen was deeply touched by them.

"Who taught you to sing so prettily, my little dear?" inquired she of one chubby-faced little girl, the smallest of the infant choir.

"Jenny Wren, ma'am; leastways not this song, she didn't, but she do most songs."

"Jenny Wren!" returned Helen, smiling. "Well, if it had been 'Thrush' or 'Blackbird,' I should have understood it better. *Who* is this Jenny Wren?"

"It's Miss Renn, please, ma'am, as lives at the lock."

"Oh, *Miss* Renn, is it?" said Helen, laughing.—"That is the young woman, is it not, Arthur," inquired she, innocently, "that Mrs. Ralph Tyndall spoke of when we were on the river?"

"Very likely," returned Arthur, carelessly.

"And why didn't Jenny Wren teach you this pretty song, my child, since she taught you the others?" continued Helen, pursuing her cross-examination of the infant. The publicity of the scene, and the prominent part accorded to her in it, flattered her sense of self-importance and "position:" she was eager to play that rôle of "Lady Bountiful" for which, to say the truth, she was not quite fitted. It was a pity, at all events, that she began with the juvenile population. She had no experience of children, or, looking at the flushed and embarrassed little countenance that now looked up at her, she would not have pushed her researches in the present case to extremity.

"Come, why didn't Miss Renn, who lives at the lock, teach you this song as well as the others?"

"I'd rather not say," said the little dot, growing very red indeed.

"Oh, indeed," answered Helen; "then we won't ask. I should be sorry, just on the first day of my coming home, to hear any thing wrong of Jenny Wren, or of any body."

This magnificent moral patronage flew over the head of her little friend altogether.

"There's nothing wrong with Jenny," replied she, sturdily.

"Then, if there was nothing wrong, I'll give you this silver sixpence for an answer to my question."

She held up the glittering prize in her gloved fingers.

"Well, then, I *did* hear mother say," said the little girl, standing on tiptoe for this reward of truth and plain-speaking, "that it wasn't likely

as Jenny would teach a song to welcome you, when she thought to have been in your place herself!"

CHAPTER XX.

WITH THE RECTOR.

THE words of the *enfant terrible*, delivered as they were in haste in view of the promised guerdon, and in a thin bass voice, were heard only by those immediately about her—who fortunately happened to be the four "gentlefolks." Helen had the presence of mind to bestow the sixpence, and to say, "Oh, that was it, was it?" in unembarrassed tones, and then passed on. The child, dazzled by her treasure, thought no more of the words that had procured it, and the public scandal was thereby averted that would certainly have taken place had she repeated them.

As Helen crossed the threshold of the Hall, Arthur took her hand, and said, "Welcome home, Helen." He would have kissed her, but there was something in her look which repelled and likewise irritated him. He knew what she was annoyed about, of course, but what right had she to be annoyed? Could she suppose that he had kept his affections free for her even before he had had the opportunity of seeing her? As she did not return the pressure of his hand, he withdrew it, and turned away to acknowledge the good wishes of the servants, most of whom had known him from his youth. He did not see Allardyce step forward in his place and congratulate her upon the public welcome which she had received. There was a tenderness in his tone which seemed rather to sympathize with misfortune than with triumph, and which brought the color into her cheek. *He* had heard it, then. *He* knew that there was a girl in the village who had thought to have held her place—to have been her Arthur's wife.

"I shall reserve my home-welcome till you come to see me at the cottage, my dear," said Uncle Magus. "I hope you and Arthur will not be so wrapped up in one another—though I own it would be pardonable in his case—as to forget the existence of a lone old fellow like myself."

He too had heard it, then, and was doing his best to knit up the raveled sleeve of her disquiet. She was grateful to him for that, though chagrined to discover in him another witness to her humiliation, and she thanked him warmly. Then Mr. Glyddon came in to say a few gracious words in his private capacity as friend of the family: his felicitations were genuine enough; it was clear he had heard nothing without-doors to mar the effect of their reception. Perhaps it was mere gratitude to him for this that induced Helen to ask him to dinner; but it was not long before she formed the resolution to turn the rector's presence to account in the matter that now monopolized her mind, should an opportunity arise for doing so. And such an opportunity did arise. Soon after dinner Arthur proposed an adjournment to the billiard-room, to which Allardyce and Uncle Magus agreed—the last not without some notion of protecting his nephew from his companion's artifices, for it was not without difficulty that the old gentleman had been convinced by Arthur's arguments that the heir-presumptive of Lord Catamaran was innocent even of actual collusion in that rascality of Paul Jones, while he mistrusted and disliked him exceedingly. He volunteered, therefore, to "stand and mark" for the two young men; while Mr. Glyddon, good, respectable soul, repaired to the drawing-room to keep Helen company.

She looked up from her seat by the fire—for though it was early to take out the polished bars of the grate, prudent Mrs. Glyn, the housekeeper, had done so, and had had the fire lit, lest her new mistress should "feel the damp" of Swansdale—and, pleased to see the rector was not followed by any of the other gentlemen, Helen made room for him beside her.

"I am glad you are come, Mr. Glyddon," said she, in her clear tones—so swift and clear that to some ears they sounded almost sharp—"for I wish to have a word with you alone."

"Indeed," said the rector, smiling: "then I am fortunate in having resisted the temptations of the billiard-table." What Mrs. Tyndall had to say to him he concluded must be with reference to that subject which, to do him justice, was seldom absent from his thoughts—the parish.

It was a source of genuine congratulation to him that Arthur had married a woman who held proper views as respected church matters. It would have placed him in an unpleasant position had the wife of his squire and patron been careless on such points, and still worse had she been a zealot of the Exeter Hall type. But as it was, he looked for her sympathy and co-operation. It was not improbable that she now wished to signalize her arrival at Swansdale by some suitable thank-offering: a painted window for the chancel, or a brazen lectern, or even an altar cloth worked in gold—any or all of which would have been very acceptable. If she should leave the choice to him, he had made up his mind—for though modest on his own account, there were no bounds to his voracity on behalf of Mother Church—to ask for a new organ. Curiously enough, Helen's first words did have some sort of reference to that very subject, and yet, if she had proposed to turn Uncle Magus's cottage into a Methodist chapel, they could not have astonished him more.

"Tell me, Mr. Glyddon, who is this Jenny Wren?"

The poor rector felt himself turn hot and cold in the same instant, like the Russian gentlemen who, travelers tell us, enjoy nothing so much as exchanging a vapor-bath for a roll in the snow; but with this difference only, that he did *not* enjoy it—he had never felt so uncomfortable before. He was incapable of deception; but it was certainly not with perfect ingenuousness that he replied:

"Jenny Wren? Do you mean Miss Alice Renn, the organist?"

"I suppose so," returned Mrs. Tyndall, dryly; "though why it should be the fashion here to call her 'miss,' I can not tell. She is the daughter of the man at the lock, is she not?"

"Of old Jacob Renn? Yes. He did not always have the lock, however; he used to keep the *Welcome.*"

"So I have heard. But is an innkeeper's daughter considered a lady in these parts? Don't deceive me, Mr. Glyddon." (Her clear voice was sharp now, without doubt.) "I wish to hear the truth about this girl. It is better I should hear it from your lips than from some common person in the village, for the story, it seems, is in every body's mouth."

"What story, Mrs. Tyndall?"

"You know what story very well: the story of my husband and this girl. You are the clergyman of the place, and a gentleman; I appeal to you in both capacities. I was told to-day in all innocence by a mere child that this Alice Renn thought to have been Arthur's wife. I want to know how I stand here, and whom I have ousted."

"My dear Mrs. Tyndall, you have ousted nobody. It is quite true that, years and years ago, when Arthur was quite a boy, there was some little—" The rector felt that to hesitate was to be lost, and yet he could not find the word he wished.

"There was some disgraceful attachment formed between them, I conclude," said Helen, coldly.

"Your conclusion is itself disgraceful, madam," cried the rector, jumping from his seat; "there was nothing of the sort. I beg your pardon, Mrs. Tyndall; but the girl I spoke of has been my parishioner these six years, and has been a great help to me, and—and to the church, and an excellent example to all our young women. Not a shadow of reproach has ever rested upon her character."

"Indeed!" said Helen, even more coldly than before. She was by no means pleased to be told that Miss Alice Renn was so irreproachable. It is no comfort to a woman who imagines she has a rival to hear that the said rival is every thing a parish priest could wish. She would perhaps even prefer to hear that she was no better than she should be. "You will assure me next, perhaps, Mr. Glyddon, that this *Miss* Alice Renn is not only a paragon of virtue, but also a highly educated and lady-like young woman?"

"Without intending to do so, madam," answered the rector, quietly, "you have exactly described her character. Her education, it is true, she owes only to herself, but she has read and learned more than falls to the lot of most women; while if ever the expression, 'a lady born,' could be rightfully applied to any one, it especially befits her."

"And how was it, then, that this piece of perfection—this highly educated young woman who has never been to school—this innkeeper's daughter who might be taken for a duchess, and who favored my husband with her modest smiles when he was a boy, was never married to him?"

"If you insist upon having my opinion, Mrs. Tyndall," said the rector, bluntly—he was no longer embarrassed now, nor did he feel any need to pick and choose for words—"it was through his own ill behavior. They were never engaged, as I understand; no promise ever passed between them; but he made her feel that she had won his heart. Yet when he went abroad he never wrote to her, never thought of her, or, if he did so, to little purpose, since he so utterly forgot her that, on his return to England, he never so much as asked whether she was alive or dead. I am sorry to speak so harshly of your husband, Mrs. Tyndall—a man I have reason, on all other accounts, to respect and like, and to whom I am greatly indebted—but since you compel me to do so, I must needs tell the truth."

He need not have apologized so earnestly, for every word that he had said to her husband's discredit was welcome to Helen. It was a comfort to her to reflect, if Arthur had misunderstood their relative positions so far as to flirt with this innkeeper's daughter in his youth, that riper years had at least brought with them a better sense of the fitness of things; that he had endeavored to forget her, and succeeded. Upon the whole, her inquiries had ended more satisfactorily than they had at one time promised to do; but there was one thing yet that troubled her.

"I understand you to say, Mr. Glyddon, that Arthur never communicated with this young person while abroad, nor revisited her when he returned to England? The first time he saw her, therefore, after that must have been when we passed through the Swansdale Lock in the barge?"

"I suppose so, madam—in fact, I am sure of it."

Helen was calling to mind how long that interview had lasted; how they had waited for Arthur by the river-bank; how Mr. Adair had hastened to excuse him for his delay by a ridiculous story about "shandy-gaff"—just such a one as a confidential soubrette on the stage would invent to account for her young mistress's peccadilloes; and how Mrs. Ralph Tyndall had disdained that subterfuge, and confessed at once that Jenny and Arthur had been "very old friends." And then came the recollection of his disinclination to row up to the lock that night, doubtless for fear of seeing this girl. Why had he spoken to her at all? Why should he be afraid of seeing her? Was it possible that the sight of her had resuscitated his former passion, and made him distrustful of himself? The flame of suspicion thus kindled in Helen's heart leaped from point to point with terrible rapidity. He had sworn, it is true, on that same night that he had never loved another as he then loved *her;* but perhaps he had loved another *better.* There were no bounds to the deceit of man. Even the clergy themselves—*her* clergy—were accused of "mental reservation." What if Arthur had married her for her money, while in his secret soul he preferred another? Her heart became ice, her brain grew hot and dazed. What was that story about the money he owed, which she had offered to pay for him, and which, after all, there was no need to pay? What had he said to her in the summer-house, and, above all, what had he *meant* to say when he addressed her as "Miss Somers?"

Even now, in the tumult of her wrathful suspicions, the sharp pain recurred to her which she had felt when he had called her by that name. She had thought *then* that he had meant something more than he had said, and now she was sure of it. These thoughts passed through her mind like waves in a troubled sea, which a strong wind moves rapidly. But near as instinct had brought her for the moment to the truth, she soon drifted away from it. She forgot, or perhaps she had been scarcely conscious of having employed them, the loving arguments she herself had used with Arthur on that very occasion; the worship she had paid to the mere mortal; the temptation of her beseeching tones, of her passionate despair, her tearful beauty. And leaving these out of the account, it was hard to explain why his resolution to cancel their engagement had given way as suddenly as it was formed, if his love for her had had any other obstacle to overcome than pride. At all events, this comforted her somewhat; and she clung to it as the exhausted swimmer clings to some rock, and climbs it, glad, though it is not land, to find a foot-hold, and present safety from the cruel sea.

"Thanks, Mr. Glyddon; thanks for your candor," said she. "I felt you would be a friend in whom I could rely. If I have been wrong in speaking to you, forgive me. I could not apply for the information I required to the only person who should be my confidant. But one word more. I have appealed to you as a clergyman, remember, as I had a right to do, I think, in such a matter: you will not repeat what has been said?"

"Most certainly I will not, Mrs. Tyndall; though I regret that—You have a new sketch-book, I perceive" (for the three gentlemen now made their appearance): "I hope it is well filled with reminiscences of the beautiful Lake Country."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

ACCORDING to the Albany *Argus*, the shad-hatching operations of Mr. SETH GREEN on the Hudson River during the present season have been extremely successful, an immense number of eggs having been hatched out and placed in the river, besides those that have been supplied directly by himself or through others to Lake Champlain, the Genesee River, and other localities.

The principal scene of his operations was at what is called Camp Green, about ten miles below Albany, on the western shore of the Hudson. This consisted of three tents, one a dormitory, one a sitting-room, and the third a kitchen. Five men have been employed by Mr. GREEN in the various operations connected with this business—first, in the capture of the shad, which is done by means of a seine about 400 feet long about a mile below the camp, on the same side of the river. They are usually taken between eight and ten o'clock at night, and, if properly matured, the eggs are stripped from the female into a pan of water, and the milt subsequently expressed into the same, and the whole stirred together. When this operation is concluded the eggs are carried to the hatching ground and placed in the hatching boxes, where they are left seven or eight days, according to temperature.

The hatching boxes constitute an essential feature of the operation, and are constructed according to a plan patented by Mr. GREEN. These are made of wood, are nineteen inches long, thirteen inches wide, and ten inches deep, open at the top, and the bottom composed of tarred wire-cloth of twenty meshes to the square inch. Each box has fastened to its sides two wooden floats, holding it in the water at an angle of forty degrees, so as to subject the eggs to the action of a slight tidal current, it being necessary that the eggs should be kept in a gentle and continuous motion until hatched. These boxes are fastened together, one behind another, in rows of five or six, with an anchor at one end of each gang, in order that the boxes may adjust themselves to the tide.

In twenty-four hours after impregnation, with a temperature of 75°, a small yellowish speck is visible in the circumference of the yolk within the egg. Forty-eight hours later, at the same temperature, the young fish is visible in active movement within the egg, and from which, in a short time, it succeeds in escaping. The fish, on leaving the egg, is half an inch long, with an umbilical sac attached, which is absorbed in from six to eight days, during which period it is kept in the boxes; after this it is liberated into the stream to find subsistence for itself.

MR. ALPHONSE PINART returned to San Francisco early in June last from his visit to Alaska, where he has been engaged since last summer in prosecuting researches into the ethnology and philology of the natives. He is reported to have been very successful in this mission, and to have taken large numbers of photographic pictures, representing the scenery of the country and the manners and customs of the people. He intends to visit Alaska again, and to complete his inquiries into some of the problems that were necessarily left unsolved on his first expedition.

An important contribution to zoology has appeared in the June number of the *Journal of Science*, in the form of a paper upon the early stages of the American lobster, by Professor S. I. SMITH, of Yale College. It is somewhat remarkable that the modifications which take place in the growth of so prominent a crustacean as the lobster in its progress from the egg to the adult have not been studied out before, in view of the great abundance of the animal and the ease with which it can be procured upon the coast. The research of Professor SMITH, however, covers nearly the entire period in question, with the exception of one stage prior to that which immediately represents the form of the adult. The materials examined were obtained by him in the summer of 1871 in the vicinity of Wood's Hole, on the Vineyard Sound, in connection with the explorations of the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries.

We are pleased to learn that the St. Louis Academy of Sciences, after its forced inactivity for some years past, has again entered upon its career of usefulness. The paralysis of scientific effort in the Southwest caused by the late war, and a destructive fire which in 1869 consumed the entire museum and a great part of the library of the society, crippled its resources to such an extent that it has published no transactions for several years. The meetings, however, have been maintained, and much interesting matter has been presented before them from time to time. During the present year a great improvement has taken place in its condition, and the active membership has rapidly increased until it numbers one hundred, while the nucleus of a new museum has been formed, and a very respectable library has again been brought together. It is now proposed to proceed at once with the publication of transactions, to embrace the most important memoirs that have accumulated in its archives. Quite recently, in connection with the Historical Society of St. Louis, it has received the donation of a valuable lot of ground from Hon. JAMES H. LUCAS, upon which it is proposed to construct a suitable building.

An extended exploration of the interior portions of Western Africa is in contemplation by Messrs. BUCHHOLZ, LÜHDER, and REICHENOW, the first-mentioned gentleman having been a member of the German north polar expedition of 1869–70 on the *Hansa.* They expect to spend several years in the labor, and to proceed first to Calabar, for the purpose of studying its fauna and making collections of all kinds. They do not expect to penetrate far into the interior, but will do what they can in this direction. They intend to have suitable apparatus to enable them to fix their route with precision, and to record the physical phenomena that may present themselves.

After a long period of comparative immunity from the visits of civilized nations, New Guinea is in a fair way of soon becoming well known, in consequence of the numerous expeditions that have been, or are about, directing their course toward her shores. A late article in the *Mittheilungen* of Dr. PETERMANN gives a summary of the more important of these movements, of which we give an abstract. Dr. A. B. MEYER has been engaged in investigating the natural history, first of Celebes, and then of Macassar. The last advices from the Russian expedition under VON MICLUCHO-MACLAY, of which we have made repeated mention in our columns, were dated at Astrolabe Bay, in New Guinea, where MACLAY expected to remain some months, studying the language and prosecuting his investigations. He found the Papuans very rude, without a knowledge of iron, and almost ignorant of the existence or appearance of Europeans. Into this same bay, to which on modern maps but a slight extent is given, Captain EDAR, of the schooner *Emma Peterson*, lately penetrated for two hundred miles, without reaching the end, and observed from the interior of the bay very high mountains, which appeared to stretch inland like an Alpine chain.

Another expedition is of Italian origin, under BECCARI and DE ALBERTIS. This, intended principally for a natural history and commercial investigation, has not been heard from for some time.

Very important results are anticipated from the operations of the London Missionary Society, which has established mission stations at several places on the southeastern peninsula of New Guinea. The missionary reports of Messrs. MURRAY and MACFARLANE, published in the Sydney *Morning Herald* in October, 1871, furnish some very important geographical indications. From Redscar Bay, according to their accounts, is visible a mountain over 13,000 feet in height, presenting a magnificent appearance in the landscape. The natives in that vicinity were found to be a perfectly harmless race, and entirely without warlike weapons.

A Dutch expedition is also said to have been occupied in visiting New Guinea in 1871, partly in the interest of science, and partly for the purpose of watching with jealous eye the anticipated movements on the part of the Australians and Germans in establishing colonies in the island.

Much interest has been excited in the United States and England by the movement among the Japanese looking toward the introduction of the English language and its literature into the Japanese empire; and it has even been stated that there is a possibility that our mother-tongue may in time become their national language. The principal difficulty in the way of this desirable consummation lies in the peculiarities of the English language, and the number of irregular verbs characterizing it, as also the want of uniformity in its pronunciation. The idea has been suggested of forming an improved English language for the benefit of our Oriental friends by making all the verbs regular, and improving the orthography. Should this be carried out, it is not impossible that the reform may be in time adopted by ourselves.

The choice of a new language by the Japanese lies, it is said, between the English and the German, and the selection of the latter is warmly urged by the Germans. Indeed, that language appears to be quite a favorite one in Japan, as attested by the existence of an extensive German book-store there doing a large business, and by the establishment of quite a number of schools for teaching the tongue.

The Fish Commissioners of California, Messrs. THROCKMORTON, FARWELL, and REDDING, lately determined to send East to obtain 50,000 shad spawn for planting in the San Joaquin River. The experiment of introducing these fish into the Sacramento last year was considered sufficiently successful to warrant the effort. In addition to shad, they also propose this season to place eels and black bass in the lakes in the vicinity of San Francisco, and lobsters in San Francisco Bay.

THE WOMEN'S DAY AT THE FREE BATHING-HOUSES—WAITING FOR ADMITTANCE.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.—[See Page 594.]

STREET ARABS TAKING A FOOT-BATH.—Drawn by Paul Frenzeny.—[See Page 606.]

DIOGENES HAS FOUND THE *HONEST MAN.*—(WHICH IS *DIOGENES*, AND WHICH IS THE *HONEST MAN?*)

"As soon as the news that GREELEY and BROWN had been nominated was received, bunting was unfurled from every flag-staff on the *City Hall.* In the *City Hall Park* was displayed a large banner, bearing the inscription: 'TAMMANY RESPONDS TO THE NOMINATIONS OF THE NATIONAL CONVENTION AT BALTIMORE.'"—*New York Tribune*, July 11, 1872.

THE "TRIBUNE'S" "PARTY OF REFORM."

FROM the following "pen-photographs" by the Hon. HORACE GREELEY our readers will see what he thought of the Democratic Party before it adopted him as its candidate for the Presidency. The pictures are not flattering either to the Party or to its present apologist:

THREE EMINENT GREELEY MEN.

"The three men who manipulate the Democratic party in this city for their individual aggrandizement and profit, and who form what is popu'arly termed the Tammany Ring, are, it is well known, PETER B. SWEENY, WILLIAM M. TWEED, and RICHARD B. CONNOLLY. A. OAKEY HALL, RICHARD O'GORMAN, MATTHEW T. BRENNAN, TERENCE FARLEY, and several others equally well known are part of the Ring, it is true; but these are only the witty clowns and muscular athletes who distract the attention of the audience while their three great masters cause things to mysteriously disappear through trap-doors and into convenient side-pockets."—*New York Tribune, October* 18, 1869, *editorial page, 3d column.*

HOW NEW YORK MAY BE CARRIED AGAINST GRANT.

"The vote of our State was stolen from Gen. GRANT by the foulest, most audacious conspiracy and gigantic fraud......She was carried for SEYMOUR and HOFFMAN by crimes that ought to fill fifty State Prisons to overflowing. At least 70,000 illegal Naturalization Certificates were fabricated for the occasion, while fully 20,000 fraudulent votes were polled in this City alone by less than 2000 thieves and ruffians, most of whom had no right to vote at all. These villains were suborned to commit felonies by greater villains, who live on the plunder of our tax-payers, and call themselves Judges, Supervisors, County and Municipal Officers. The thieves who haunt the City Hall had cords around the necks of the thieves who fear the Penitentiary and State Prison, and made them commit new crimes in order to escape punishment for those they had already perpetrated. Right well they knew that their employers could and would shield them from punishment for the perjuries and other felonies whereby they robbed the State of her vote for President, and imposed on her a Governor who would know who made him, and govern himself accordingly."—*New York Tribune, October* 16, 1869, *editorial page, 3d column.*

"CLEVER COUNTING," WHICH MAY BE REPEATED.

"Now, Messrs. sleek, oily, wily, respectable Democrats! understand that we hold *you* responsible for this gigantic villainy [cheating at the polls]—this high treason to popular government. Your less reputable confederates would not suborn thieves, burglars, and forgers to vote ten times each at an election if *you* did not countenance and abet them in so doing. The genius who knowingly observed that 'in a close elec-

tion *good counting* is the main point' joined your party on purpose to make money by fraud—has been promoted by you because he was clever at cheating."—*New York Tribune, October* 28, 1869, *editorial page, 3d column.*

SURE TO VOTE FOR "HONEST HORACE."

"Point wherever you please to an election district which you will pronounce morally rotten, given up in great part to debauchery and vice, whose voters subsist mainly by keeping policy offices, gambling houses, grog-shops, and darker dens of infamy, and that district will be found at nearly or quite every election giving a majority for that which styles itself the 'Democratic' party. Take all the haunts of debauchery in the land, and you will find nine-tenths of their master spirits active partisans of that same Democracy."—HORACE GREELEY.

TAMMANY'S PORTRAIT OF MR. GREELEY,

NOVEMBER 4, 1870.

BY HON. A. OAKEY HALL.

"HE is feeble of purpose, tremulous in judgment, unstable and inconsistent in thought and deed, doing motiveless things, telling motiveless falsehoods, friendly with a man one moment and unfriendly the next, eccentric in dress, eccentric in eating and drinking, devoured by the worm self-consciousness, full of unaccountable idiosyncrasies and prejudices and awkward affectations; uncertain of religious opinions, he is one day prayerful and the next wildly blasphemous; one moment he is calm, the next furious......His craving for notoriety is a symptom of a madman. I myself saw him in 1860, in Chicago, while in company with two other gentlemen, who also laughed at him, go behind the door of the barber's shop in the hotel and carefully adjust his trowsers in the inside of his boots. He must periodically run for some office every autumn, and it don't much matter what it is. The last time he ran for Congress it was in a lower district. He once had some idea of going to Virginia to run for United States Senator. All these erratic movements show insanity."

STREET ARABS TAKING A FOOT-BATH.

A FEW days since Mr. PAUL FRENZENY, whose spirited illustrations often adorn the pages of the *Weekly*, witnessed the droll scene depicted in the lower sketch on page 604. In the rear of a large watering-cart, which lumbered slowly through the street, marched a squad of jolly urchins, their ragged trowsers turned up above the knee, bathing their naked legs in the mimic rain which spouted over the dusty cobble-stones. The thermometer stood among the nineties, but the boys seemed perfectly happy as they trudged along; and doubtless many of the amused lookers-on from the sidewalk would have been glad to take a foot-bath with them.

THE PROPER TRAINING OF BOYS being the great desideratum, parents can not be too particular in the selection of such institutions as will afford careful, efficient, and first-class instruction. To such as desire to select an institution embodying all that is necessary, combined with a healthy locality and an excellent board of tutors, we would recommend the Riverview Military Academy, at Poughkeepsie, New York, under the management of OTIS BISBEE, Principal and Proprietor. Parents placing children under his tuition may be assured that the intellectual and moral surroundings will be all that can be desired.—[*Com.*]

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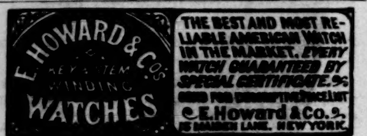

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FOR AUGUST, 1872.

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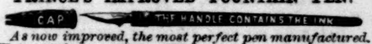

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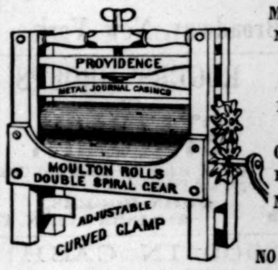

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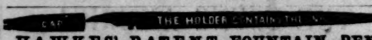

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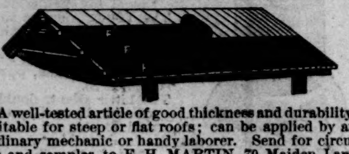

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TRAVELERS
LIFE AND ACCIDENT
INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

ASSETS, JULY 1, 1872.

Real Estate owned by the Company........	$30,000 00
Cash in Bank and hands of Agents.........	192,823 89
Loans on First Mortgage Real Estate......	635,909 52
Loans on Personal and Collateral Security..	67,622 89
Deferred Premiums (being balance of Semi-Annual and Quarterly Premiums)......	61,444 07
Accrued Interest..........................	21,185 54
United States Government Bonds...........	366,390 00
State and Municipal Bonds................	127,210 00
Railroad Stocks and Bonds................	147,820 00
Bank Stocks...............................	286,490 00
Railway Passengers Assurance Co.'s Stock..	156,400 00
Other Securities..........................	10,000 00
Total Assets............	**$2,103,295 91**

LIABILITIES.

Claims unadjusted and not due...........	$ 159,084 94
Reserve for Re-insurance, Life Dep't.....	1,076,175 07
" " " Accident Dep't,	178,036 66
Total Liabilities.................	$1,413,296 67
Surplus as regards Policy-holders...	**$689,999 24**

GENERAL ACCIDENT POLICIES by the year or month, and LIFE OR ENDOWMENT POLICIES, at low cash rates.

SEWING MACHINES.

The sales of Sewing Machines in 1871, as reported, under oath, in 1872, to the owners of the Sewing-Machine patents, show that the

SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.
LAST YEAR SOLD
181,260 Machines,
Ninety per cent. of them being for Family use.
THIS IS OVER
50,000
More sewing machines than were sold by any other Company during the same period.
THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.,
34 Union Square, New York.

SHIRTS.
J. W. Johnston,
260 GRAND STREET, New York.

Also, Hosiery and Men's Furnishing Goods. Six superior Dress Shirts made to measure, of Wamsutta XX muslin, for $15 and upward, according to the linen.
☞ Six fine Dress Shirts of Masonville Muslin for $12.
☞ Six good " " Harris " " $9.
To gentlemen residing outside of New York a good fit will be guaranteed by sending the following measurements in inches: Size of Collar worn; measure from centre of Shoulder along arm to Knuckle of small finger; around Chest, Waist, and Wrist. State number of Plaits; if for Studs, Spirals, or Buttons; style of Cuff.
☞ The Trade supplied with Dress Shirts to Order.

RIZENA.

Prepared from carefully selected White Rice, and adapted to all the uses of Corn-Starch, Arrow-Root, &c. For Desserts, without an equal. For Invalids, especially fitted. Easy of digestion; strengthening, but not fevering. **DAN. TALMAGE'S SONS,** 110 Water St., New York, and Charleston, S. C.

Sold by Grocers and Druggists.

THE ONLY PEN TO MARK CLOTHES WITH!

BRIGGS' MARKING PEN TRADE MARK

Sent free, with Payson's or Briggs' Indelible Ink, for 75 cents. Traveling Agents wanted. Address F. H. STODDARD & CO., 63 Fulton St., New York.

STECK
GRAND, SQUARE, & UPRIGHT
PIANOS
ARE
THE CHEAPEST
BECAUSE THE
Best and Most Durable.
WAREROOMS, 25 East 14th St., N. Y.

PORTABLE STEAM-ENGINES,
With or without Wagons. Warranted equal to any. Circulars on application.
J. C. HOADLEY & CO., Lawrence, Mass.

FISHERMEN!
TWINES and NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS,
☞ Send for Price-List.] **Baltimore, Md.**

TWENTY PER CENT.
INVESTMENT.
THE AMERICAN
BRIDGE COMPANY,
OF CHICAGO, ILL.

L. B. BOOMER, of Chicago, President.
(ORGANIZED AUG. 1, 1870.)
AUTHORIZED CAPITAL STOCK, $1,000,000.

The whole amount of the authorized Capital Stock of this Company not having been issued, the balance thereof will be issued to subscribers at par, payments for same to be made in four installments of 25 per cent. each, viz.:

25 PER CENT. JULY 15, 1872.
25 PER CENT. AUG. 1, 1872.
25 PER CENT. SEPT. 1, 1872.
25 PER CENT. OCT. 1, 1872.

The Subscription Books now open at the office of the undersigned will be closed as soon as the new stock is fully subscribed. All past due installments must be paid with interest at time of subscription.

The total amount of stock issued at this time is **$414,700**, and on this basis the Company shows a present surplus of **$136,280 97**, and is now doing a flourishing business. One thousand men are constantly employed in their extensive works, and they now have on hand **$1,250,000** of work for various railroads in the United States, among which may be mentioned the

CHICAGO, R. I., & PACIFIC,
CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN,
MICHIGAN CENTRAL,
MISSOURI PACIFIC,
ATLANTIC & PACIFIC, &c.

And the Company is now offered work to the amount of over **$6,000,000**, including some of the largest bridges ever built in this country, to accept of which, and further business, necessitates a larger working capital, as immense amounts of material have to be kept constantly on hand, and the Company are frequently obliged to receive, in part payment for their work, railroad and other bonds, which are perfectly good securities, but not always immediately marketable.

The career of the American Bridge Company, though brief, has already fully demonstrated the profitableness of the enterprise. The Company has constructed since its organization, and up to the 31st of December, 1871, a total of 38,137 feet of bridges, 18 turning tables, and 16 iron roofs, and pneumatic and screw pile substructures, costing **$3,400,000**, and have facilities for the construction of pneumatic piles unsurpassed by any Company in the country, and a capacity for the construction of at least 150 feet of bridges for every working day in the year.

The Iron Railroad and Highway Bridge at Leavenworth, of three spans of 340 feet each, and the Union Pacific Bridge across the Missouri River, of eleven spans of 250 feet each, were constructed by this Company.

The net profit arising from this business, as shown by the books of the Company, up to the 31st of March, 1872, was the sum of **$373,482 14**, or at the rate of **$224,089 28** *per annum*, being over **50** *per cent.* upon the capital stock then outstanding. With the proposed new structures, machinery, &c., the Company will have much greater capacity, and the proceeds of the increased issue of stock will enable them to buy material for cash, thereby making a saving of from **$50,000** to **$75,000** per year.

The Company can undoubtedly, on above basis, make dividends of from **20** to **25** *per cent. per annum* on the full amount of capital, **$1,000,000**, with a fair prospect of considerable increase.

The undersigned are prepared to give to those inquiring the fullest details and entire satisfaction regarding the reliability of the Company's statements, and the unquestioned integrity and ability of its officers.

We confidently commend to capitalists the above as an investment worthy their attention.

MARVIN BROS., Bankers,
49 Exchange Place, N. Y.,
Sole Financial Agents in the East.

DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER

FOR THE
Kitchen, the Camp, the Galley.
WE ALL LIKE
GOOD BREAD,
And wherever
DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER
Is used
ELEGANT, LIGHT, AND WHOLESOME
Biscuits, Rolls, Bread, Griddle-Cakes, Waffles, Muffins, Corn Bread, Fruit Dumplings, Pot Pies, and Pastry and Cakes of Every Description can always be obtained.

The CHEAPEST and BEST—but not the lowest priced—BAKING POWDER. Families and consumers of Yeast or Baking Powder, generally will find, by a little experience, a SAVING OF ONE-THIRD TO ONE-HALF IN THE QUANTITY USED, by comparison with other similar articles, OWING TO THE PURITY AND EXTRA STRENGTH.

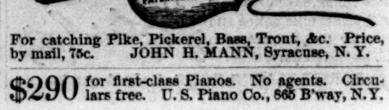
It is put up and sold in tin cans of ¼ pound, ½ pound, 1 pound, and 5 pounds each, actual (or full) weight.

☞ Satisfaction in using this YEAST POWDER is always guaranteed.

Sold every where by Wholesale and Retail Grocers, Druggists, Fruit and Family-Supply Dealers, Ship Chandlers, &c.

DOOLEY & BROTHER, Manufacturers,
69 New Street, New York.
GIVE IT A FAIR TRIAL.
Established 1858.

MANN'S NEW TROLLING SPOON,



For catching Pike, Pickerel, Bass, Trout, &c. Price, by mail, 75c. JOHN H. MANN, Syracuse, N. Y.

$290 for first-class Pianos. No agents. Circulars free. U. S. Piano Co., 865 B'way, N.Y.

LONDON: A PILGRIMAGE.

BY GUSTAVE DORÉ AND BLANCHARD JERROLD

To be Completed in Twelve Parts.—Part 5.

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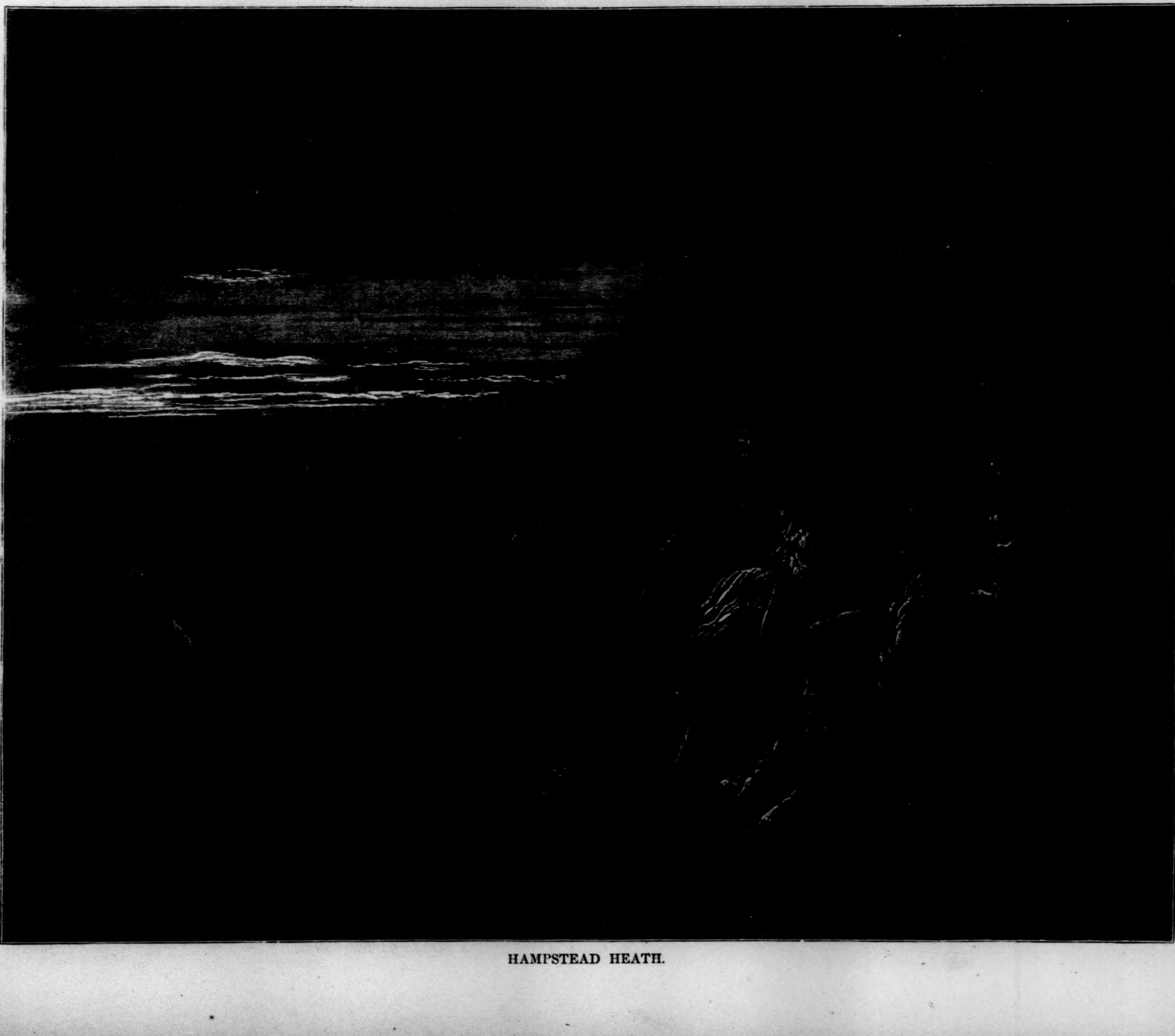
CHAPTER VII.

THE DERBY.

How many days in the course of the year are there when London wears a peculiar aspect; when you can tell the date by the appearance of the streets, the excitement in the clubs, the vivacity of the mob, and the abnormal mixture of classes and of strangers? In truth, the influx of foreign elements must be vast to alter the complexion of Cockayne. But while the Christmas Cattle Show is on; on Christmas-eve, when people of every degree are bent on one absorbing mission, and the schools have disgorged their pupils; on Boxing Day; on Easter and Whit Mondays, when pleasure is the watch-word of the people; and on the two national race-days — the boat-race and the Derby — London is not the old familiar, hard-working, solemn-visaged place of every day. On these far-between holidays there is a downright general determination to agree with Æsop, as interpreted by Dickens, that "the bow must be sometimes loose."

London at play! The foreigner will be inclined to maintain stoutly that the Lon-

A PENNY SWEEPSTAKE.



HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

PROVINCIALS IN SEARCH OF LODGINGS.

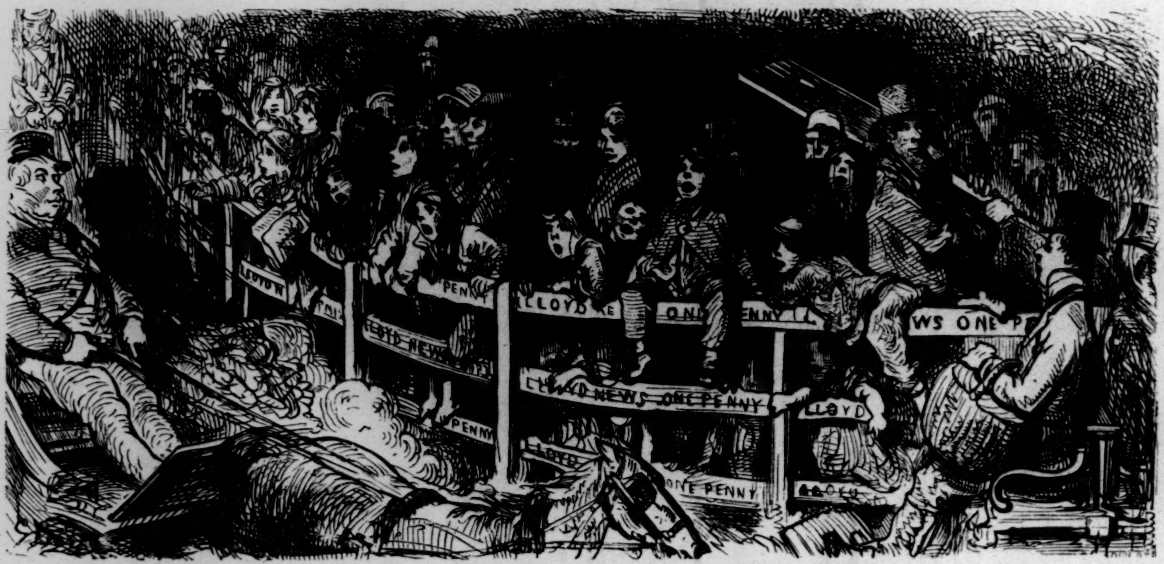
doner never amuses himself. What are these scores of poor urchins and men about? Are they not enjoying themselves among the keenest, cheering and chaffing well-to-do London on its way to the Downs? The May-pole has disappeared; the fairs have been put down. We have become too polite to suffer the continuance of the annual orgies of Greenwich. May-day rejoicings have faded out of mind. The Lord and Lady of the May are as dead as Gog and Magog. The broad archery grounds of old London have been given up to the builders long since. Quarter-staff and single-stick, foot-ball and bowling-alleys, are lost English games, which have gone the way of bull and bear baiting, prize and cock fighting; and young England has tried in vain to revive the best of them. Still the workers and the non-workers, the rich and the poor, *do* sometimes amuse themselves—if "*moult tristement*"—as we shall assuredly see on this day, when many a traveler finds it impossible to get a bed, even in mighty London.

Mr. Gladstone admirably illustrated the English character when he defined recreation—calling it a change of employment—the exchange of the debate and the Council-chamber for the preparation of *Juventus Mundi*. Among the educated classes, who are of the workers, this definition holds good; and it explains the suburban home life which is the relaxation and the delight of Londoners.

The late Bishop of Norwich said: "Cheerfulness is the daughter of employment; and I have known a man come home in high spirits from a funeral, merely because he had had the management of it." The English mechanic can neither dance nor sing; whereas the Frenchman has both these wholesome amusements at command, and they lead him from intoxication and its cognate vices. He is employed, and consequently cheerful without stimulants. John Bull has the river boats, the delights of Gypsy Hill, the Blackheath and Hampstead donkeys, the parks, with full liberty to feed the ducks, the Red House at Battersea, the improving spectacle of occasional pigeon-shooting, the gay amenities of Hornsey—with beer and ginger-beer and nuts every where. But these witcheries in the open are seldom available under the skies where fog, the snow-cloud, and the summer sun play the most fantastic tricks together. Londoners are not to be judged by their amusements, because they are not satisfied with them themselves. It is because their feasts are few and far between that we see "the violent delights" in which they indulge by the banks of the Thames at Easter, and on the Epsom Downs in May.

BOXERS.

On the Derby morning all London wakes at cock-crow. The first flicker of light breaks upon thousands of busy men in misty stables; breaks upon a vast encampment of the Romans and other less reputable wandering tribes on the Downs; breaks upon lines of loaded pedestrians footing it from London to turn a penny on the great event. Horsey folk issue from every beer-shop and inn on the road. The beggars are in mighty force; the tattered children take up their stations. Who wants to see samples of all degrees of Cockneys has his golden opportunity to-day. From the Heir-Apparent,



ON THE ROAD.

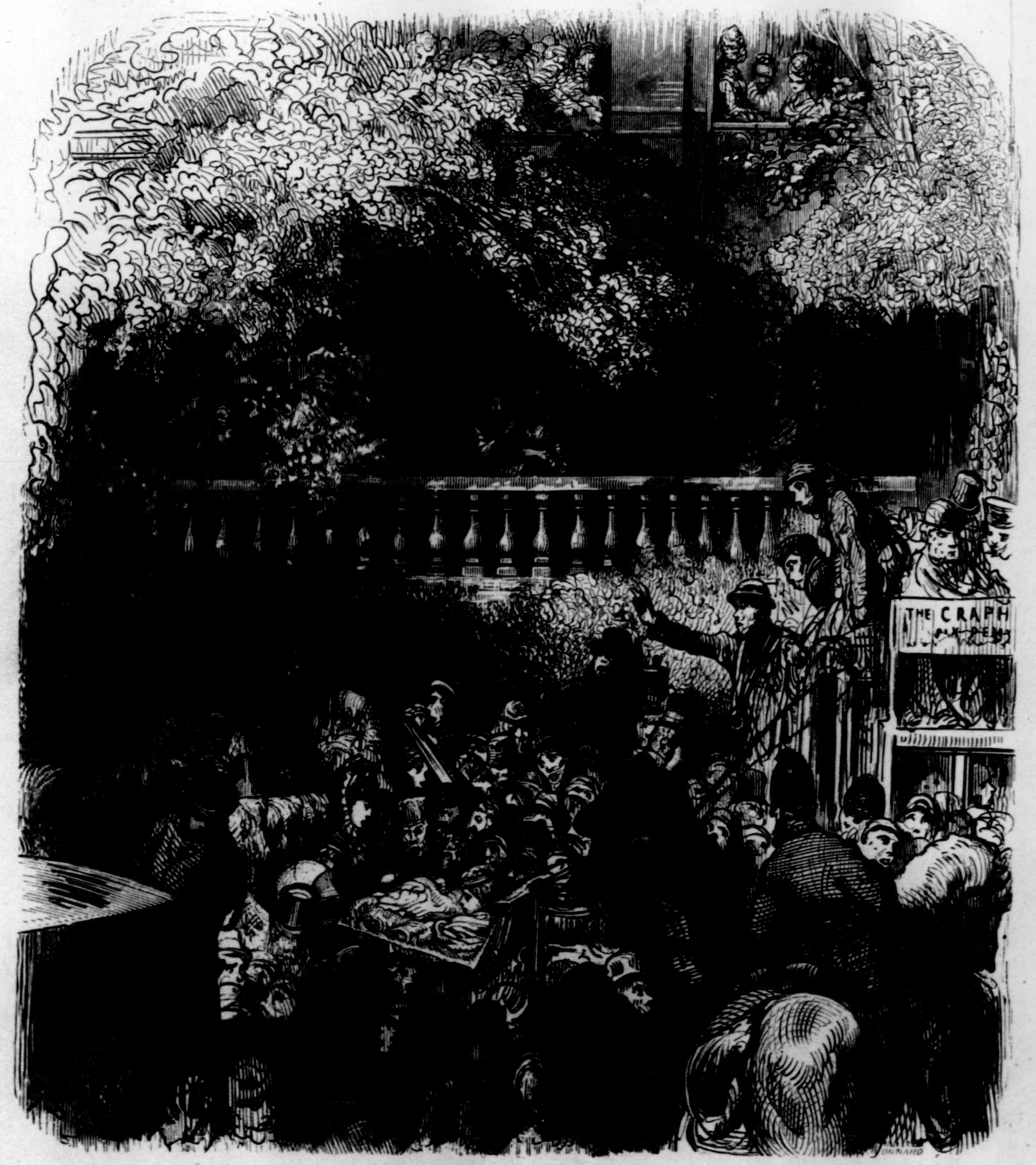
REFRESHMENTS BY THE WAY.

BIBLE HAWKER.

A SKETCH ON THE DOWNS.

with his handsome, manly English face, to the vilest of Fagin's pupils, the observer may pass all our Little Villagers in review. The sharp-faced, swaggering betting man; the trim, clean groom with a flower in his button-hole; the prosperous, heavy-cheeked tradesman; the ostentatious clerk; the shambling street singer; the hard, coarse-visaged coster-monger; the pale and serious artisan; the frolicsome apprentice in flaming necktie; the bandy-legged jockey; the *nouveau riche* smug in his ostentation; the merchant splendid in every appointment of his barouche and of his person; the would-be aristocrat flashing his silver mug of foaming Rœderer in the eyes of the Vulgar packed close as pigs in a butcher's cart—these, catching a branch here or encountering a "spill" there, pass under the observer's eyes in a never-ending tide. And then the ladies! The ladies of the opera, and the Mile, and Almack's are not here. But if you desire to see the fresh buxom wives and daughters of the lower middle class, dight in their ideas of the fashion; if you wish to study the outward belongings of the workman's spouse and girl; if you would get a true idea of the apple-woman, the work-girl in holiday finery, the beggar's female companion, in a cart with Dick Swiveller and his pals—and all in the highest spirits, now is your opportunity; and it will last clear through the day, and even a fair stretch into the night.

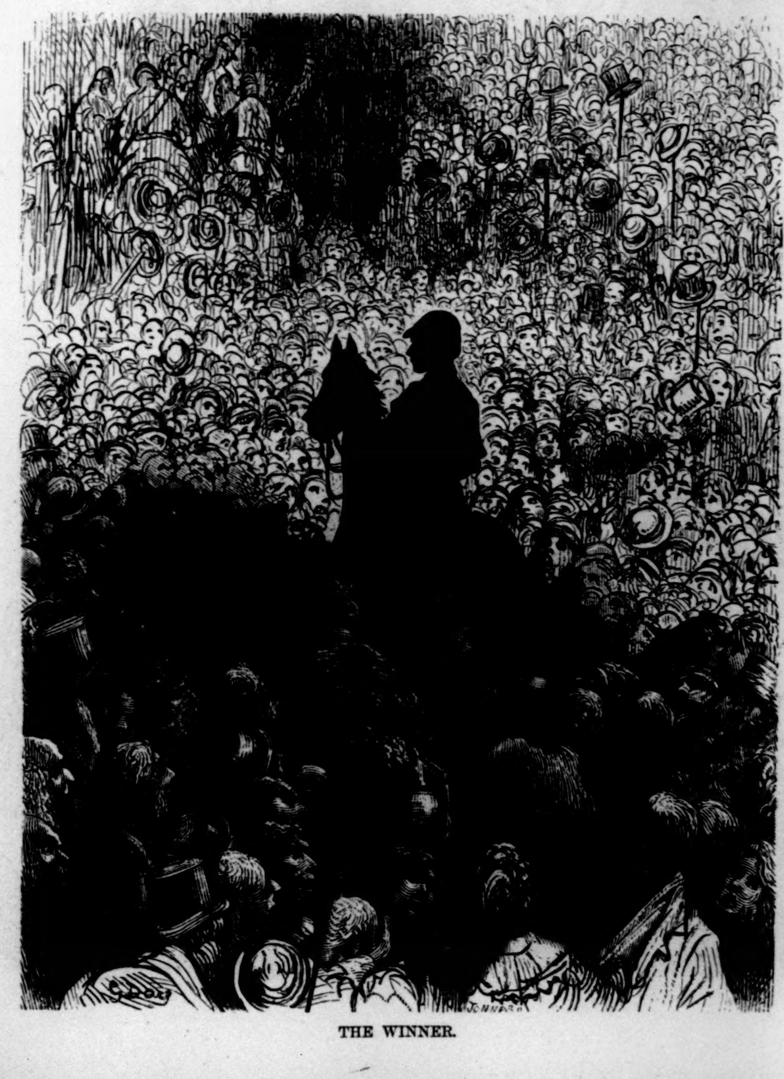
The Derby is emphatically all England's day. It culminates in a result in which millions are keenly interested. The English people love the water and the road, the



A BLOCK ON THE ROAD.

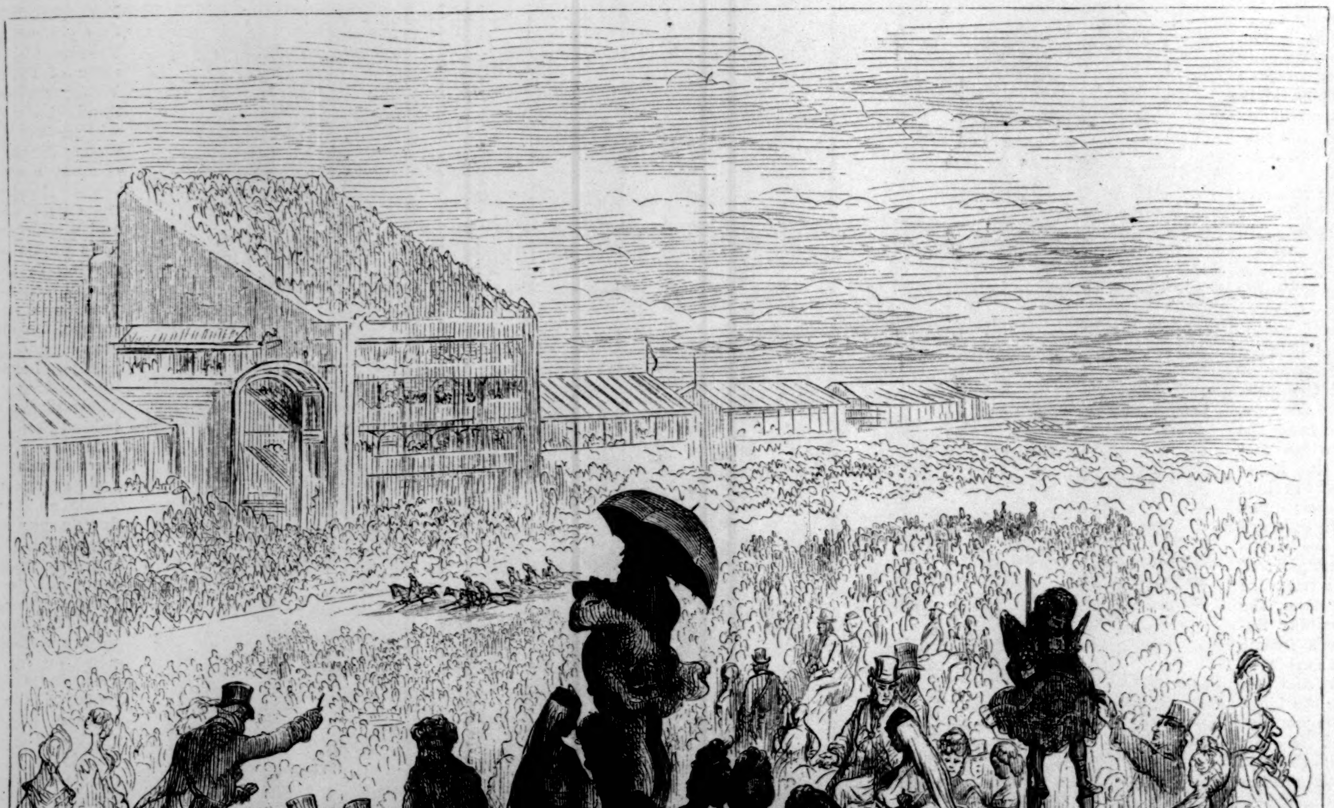
boat and the horse, the scull and the saddle. Every school-boy affects to know a good mount and the rig of a ship. On the eve of the Derby urchins pretend to be knowing in their play-grounds on the relative chances of the horses, and the maid-of-all-work will trip round to the butcher's to have early intimation of the winner.

On the road, and at the Derby, it is Dickens's children you meet, rather than Thackeray's. All the company of Pickwick—Sam Weller and his father a hundred times; Mr. Pickwick, benevolent and bibulous; Jingle on the top of many a coach and omnibus. Pushing through the crowd, nimble, silent, and unquiet-eyed, Mr. Fagin's pupils are shadows moving in all directions. The brothers Cheeryble pass in a handsome barouche, beaming on the crowd, and taking any passing impertinence as intended for a compliment. Their clerks are not far behind them, in the latest paletots—their beardless faces shining behind blue and green veils. Tom Allalone offers to dust you down as you get within the ropes. Mr. Jonas Chuzzlewit has traveled in the congenial company of Scrooge to mark their prey. Mr. Dombey is here, solemn, so that you wonder what on earth can have drawn him to the hurly-burly, and why he has planted himself in the thick of the grand stand. Barkis is as willing as ever, planted delightedly next a buxom country wench, and threading his way through the tangle of vehicles with a cheery and prosperous audacity; and few, if any, notice the solemn man who carries aloft a board, on which the wicked are warned to

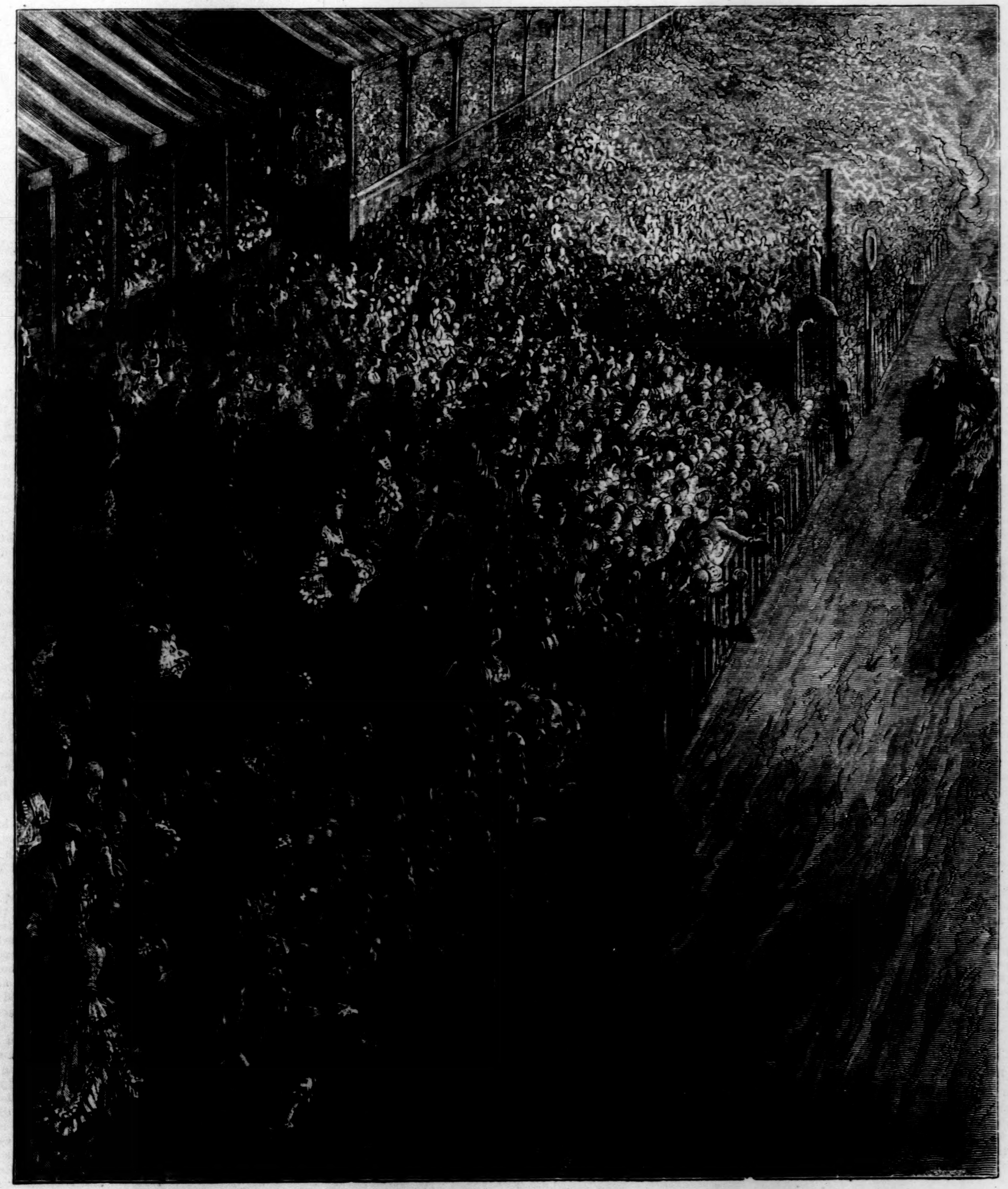


THE WINNER.

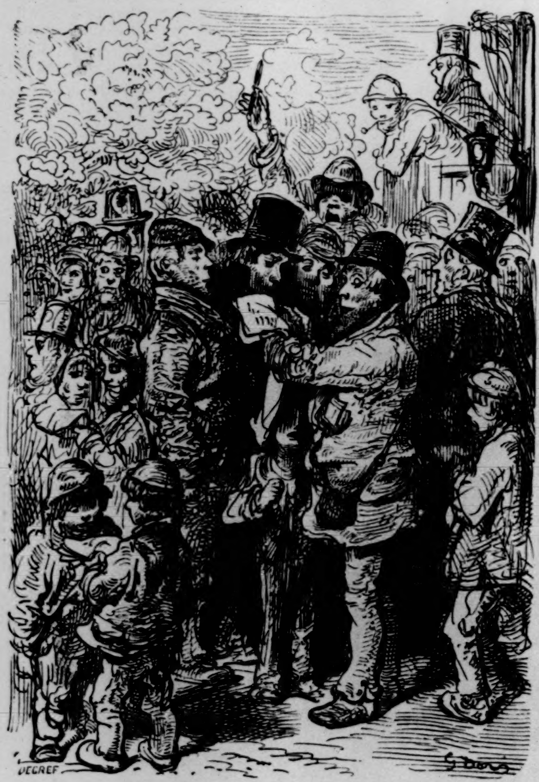
TRIAL OF STRENGTH.



AT LUNCH.



FINISH OF THE RACE.



OUTSIDE THE RING.

repent in time. We admit that the halt at the roadside public-house falls naturally into a very English scene. Pots of beer flash through the crowd: are lifted to the roofs of omnibuses, passed inside through the windows, raised to the lips of ladies who are giggling in spring-carts, handed to postilions who drink while their horses plunge; and not an unwilling lip is seen any where.

"Again!" is the exclamation, as our horses are brought to a sharp stand at an angle of the road. Beer is ahead once more, and will be ahead many times before we get back to town. "The Big Pint" will have worked some strange scenes before it is put by for the night. Let us not shirk the responsibility of the whole scene, from thimble-rigger to the peer armed with flour-bags. We are told that Englishmen take delight in providing themselves with frequent chances of breaking their necks; and that this is a very strange trait in our character. Our lads love perilous games; our men form a club for mutual encouragement in the art of passing a holiday on the edge of a *crevasse*, with chances of avalanches overhead to keep the mind fully engaged. For such a people this mad scamper of "a whole cityful" through the lovely sylvan scenes of our island to see two or three races, with the anticipation of a hundred accidents in the twilight on the way home, is a logical form of national holiday. To take an active part in it a man must be robust. And this is the quality which pervades the marvelous assemblage. Stroll through the enormous encampment that lights up the Downs on the eve of the Derby, and mark the strange hordes of men and women who are preparing to receive half London to-morrow—from the gypsies to the governors of the games, the proprietors of the great refreshment booths, and the thick-throated fighting men who are to put on the gloves for shillings. In the throng are whole battalions of the vagrant poor intent on turning a few pence on The Event; but there is robust Will amid the poorest and feeblest. None are half-hearted. The shoe-black holds it a fine thing to be within sight of the Grand Stand, and has a boisterous spirit at the morning dawn, in defiance of chill and wet, of sleet and wind. He will warm, with the richest and happiest, to the event of the day, as the hours creep on, and the mighty tide of dusty travelers streams upon the Downs, creeps along the lines of the course, fills the Grand Stand with its dark flood, and ripples round The Corner. There is a brave, contentious spirit in the vast concourse, as the dealers in hundreds of articles, the tricksters, the mountebanks, the gypsies, and the betting men bend to their work, and fill the air with a hoarse, bewildering sound.

FROLICS OF THE ROAD.

CHAPTER VIII.

LONDON ON THE DOWNS.

LONDON on the Downs; London waking on the Derby morning; London on the road to the race; London in the evening after the race! Here are studies each of which illustrates salient features of our metropolitan life.

On the Downs London is in the highest spirits, and all classes are intermingled for a few hours on the happiest terms. Strolling amid the booths and tents, we find, elbowing each other, bantering, playing, drinking, eating, and smoking, shoals of shop-boys and clerks, tradesmen in fast attire, mechanics in holiday dress, wondering foreigners, gaudy ladies, generally of loud voice and unabashed manner. We come upon a noble earl indulging in three throws for a penny. He has been recognized by a few by-standers, and the whisper that a peer is casting sticks at cocoa-nuts and dolls has traveled apace. His lordship has taken heartily to the fun, and is reckless of the shillings he is spending. His cuffs turned back, his hat tilted upon his head, his face red and shining, he beams upon the applauding crowd when he has deftly consigned a jack-in-the-box to the bag which makes it his. We press onward through packs of noisy lads, past negro serenaders, fortune-tellers, tattered sellers of fusees, stable-men of every degree, groups of men-servants finishing up luncheons—to the course. Way is cleared a little, and a calm-faced Nawab passes, followed by his silent retinue. Not far off we come upon a personage upon whom many hopes are centred—the patient exile waiting for his crown. Then there is the beauty of the hour, flushed with Champagne, and haughty to the slaves whose elbows are planted in rows round her carriage.

THREE STICKS A PENNY.

Clear the course! We suddenly find the crowd tighten about us. A flutter goes through the sea of heads on the Grand Stand; the men climb to the roofs of the carriages; the general murmur deepens; the betting men are in a fever of excitement; a fight or two may be descried from the vantage-ground of a rumble.

They're off! The emotion is quiet at first. The Grand Stand suddenly becomes white with a thousand faces turned in one direction—an observer remarks, "like the heads of geese upon a common." Then a low, hoarse sound travels about the Downs, deepening in waves of thrilling vibration at every instant. Then a roar breaks upon the frantic people, answered by a second roar. The multitude is divided into two prodigious camps. Faster and shriller come the shouts. The Grand Stand is in convulsions. The bellowing is fearful to hear—the frantic commotion along the lines of coaches is frightful to see—as the horses, lying like a handful, sweep to the winning-post. Cheers and counter-cheers, fluttering of handkerchiefs, waving of hats upon sticks, cries, fierce as though wild beasts had been let loose, all tend to a final crash of ten thousand voices and—the Derby is won.

"The tooth is out!" was the expression that fell upon my ear, as a young buck, with a purple face, jumped from his coach and buried himself in the heaving throng.

CAUGHT IN THE BRANCHES.

Epsom is not Ascot, we all know; but the Downs discover an extraordinary variety of superb "traps" every Derby-day, bearing considerable burdens of such beauty as is not easily matched on any Continental race-course. The Countess Crème de la Crème is not here (unless she be among the beauties gazing disdainfully from lofty balcony by the way); the Duchess of Surrey is of opinion that the scene is not one for the serene eyes of her daughters; the feminine gentilities of Kensington and Westbournia are consequently absent also; but there are whole parterres of honest, pretty women of humble social pretensions—plebeian beauties—whom the critical Frenchman must have overlooked or misunderstood.

The delights of the Downs are to M. Taine's mind our carnival, and a very noisy one—noise being essential to the overmuscular, thick-throated Englishman, who delights in every opportunity of showing his manly vigor.

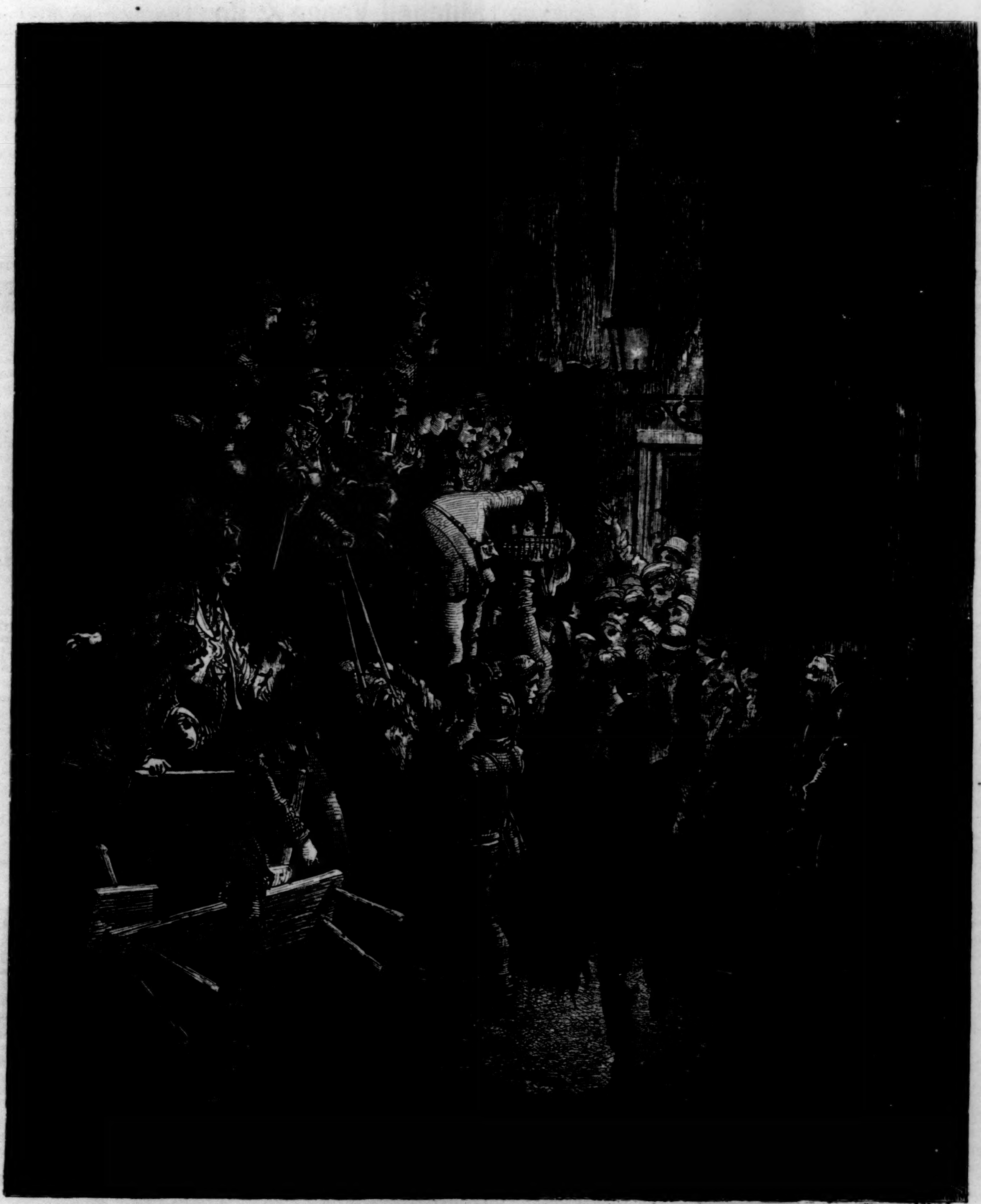
I have already observed how strongly the

general wearing of cast-off clothes by our poorer countrymen and countrywomen had struck upon the mind of my fellow-Pilgrim. The sadness and meanness of the habit were impressed upon us scores of times during our wanderings, so that when on a certain Sunday we turned into Petticoat Lane we had the key to the activity of the clothes market of Lazarus. The Lane clothes thousands at Epsom.

M. Taine will not admit that there is any thing grandiose in the great race-day on the Downs. The crowd is an ant-heap: the horsemen and the carriages moving about resemble beetles, May-bugs, large sombre drones on a green cloth. "The jockeys in red, in blue, in yellow, in mauve, form a small group apart, like a swarm of butterflies which has alighted." M. Taine mistrusts his moralizing as he unfolds it: "Probably I am wanting in enthusiasm, but I seem to be looking at a game of insects." His description of the actual race is excellent:

"Thirty-four run. After three false starts they are off; fifteen or twenty keep together, the others are in small groups, and one sees them moving the length of the ring. To the eye the speed is not very great; it is that of a railway train seen at the distance of half a league; in that case the carriages have the appearance of toy-coaches which a child draws tied to a string. Certainly the impression is not stronger here, and it is a mistake to speak either of a hurricane or a whirlwind. During several minutes the brown patch, strewn with red and bright spots, moves steadily over the distant green. It turns; one perceives the first group approach. 'Hats off!' and all heads are uncovered, and every one rises. A suppressed hurrah pervades the stands. The frigid faces are on fire; brief, nervous gestures suddenly stir the phlegmatic bodies. Below, in the betting ring, the agitation is extraordinary—like a general St. Vitus's dance. Picture a mass of puppets receiving an electric shock, and gesticulating with all their members like mad semaphores. But the most curious spectacle is the human tide which, instantaneously and in a body, pours forth and rolls over the course behind the runners, like a wave of ink; the black and motionless crowd has suddenly melted and become molten; in a moment it spreads itself abroad in vast proportions till the eye can not follow it, and appears in front of the stands. The policemen make a barrier in two or three ranks, using force when necessary to guard the square to which the jockeys and horses are led. Measures are taken to weigh and see that all is right." Perhaps the company just in our rear are extravagant enough for an illustration of British wildness on the return frolic from a race.

When the brilliant French observer goes on to say that the betting fever is so intense and general that "several cabmen have lost their horses and their vehicles," we can only exclaim, "Gently, M. Taine, or the reader will imagine that not the least active holder of a Champagne glass was the moralizer himself." Let us moralize on the way home, with the empty baskets in the boot, but don't let us make a note of every extravagant story we shall hear before we get to Kennington Common.



RETURNING HOME.

The stories we may believe are wild and startling enough for the most earnest lover of the sensational. We find the revelers divided into two distinct, easily recognized sections—viz., the Winners and the Losers. The Winners are uproarious and bibulous; the Losers are bibulous and sullen. It can not be pretended by the keenest lover of the course and the hunting-field that racing promotes any of the virtues. On the other hand, it fosters a general love of gambling. But this Derby-day has its bright, even its useful side, too. It gives all London an airing, an "outing;" makes a break in our overworked lives; and effects a beneficial commingling of classes. This latter result is of more importance than appears on the face of it; and I commend it to the attention of the moralists on the road—especially of the zealots who pay the religious board-men. These silent itinerant preachers provoke the tipsy blasphemer, and never make a pentient. There is a time for all things; and most certainly the Derby-day is not the time for missionary work.